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WEEK ENDING JUNE 6 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In This Issue:

A FAMOUS WIFE'S HUSBAND

By CHARLES G. NORRIS

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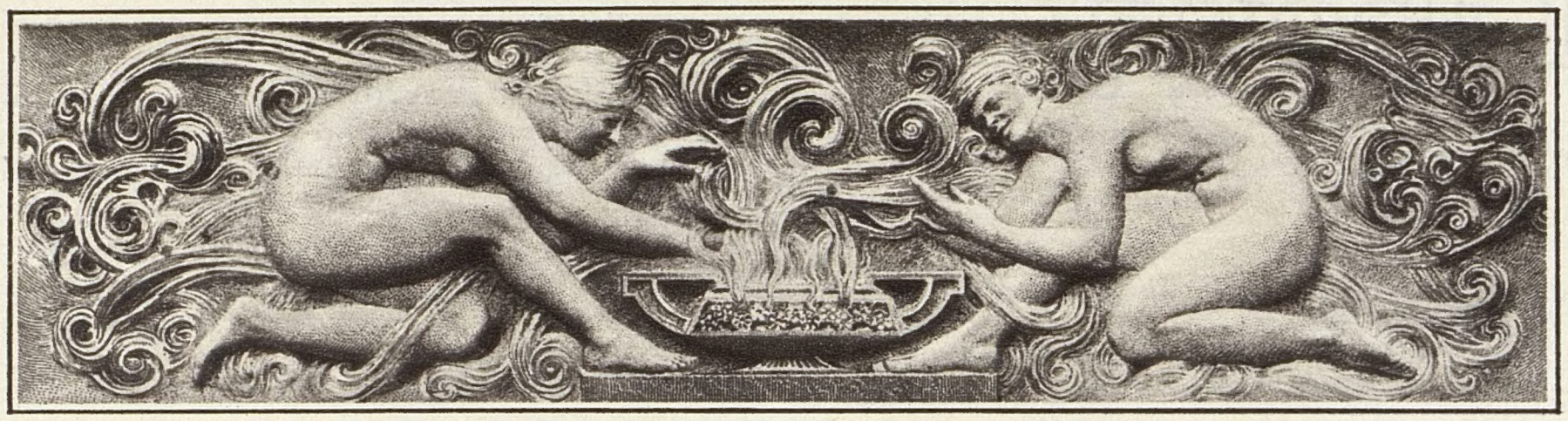

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE FUTURE AND THE PACIFIC

"The Eurasian child (born of the union of a Caucasian and an Asiatic) should be given the legal right on his twenty-first birthday to shoot his father and mother and himself."

That was the bitter saying of the son of a British father and a Chinese mother, himself not a worldly failure but a brilliant lawyer, and his opinion we quote from the president of Leland Stanford University of California.

President Wilbur was discussing with a correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* the race problem on the coast and the larger problem of the Pacific, of which the race friction in our Western States is only one factor. Doctor Wilbur is no jingo and no alarmist, but evidently his is not the sort of mind that abolishes difficulties and dangers by denying their existence, and he calls the race problem of the Pacific "the gravest of the world's problems."

He recognizes and frankly points out that Japanese, Chinese, in fact oriental feeling generally, is "much less than cordially friendly to us," that resentfulness toward us is uppermost in the thought of the East, and he realizes the depth of the division between the occidental and oriental. For President Wilbur is no believer in racial fusion or amalgamation. He believes that races must cherish their racial integrity through which each may develop its proper virtues and make its own contribution to the general fund of human life and progress.

"We want no aggravation of or addition to the race difficulties we face at this moment," says Doctor Wilbur; but he has hopes of peace through growth of a better understanding among the Pacific peoples, but not through the fusion of races dreamed of by sentimental theorists.

We must all share this hope that peace may be maintained in the Pacific for all remaining time, but certainly if the past teaches us anything, it warns us not to rely upon such hope. When we admit that races have their individual souls, so to speak—that is, their own special ways of thought and feeling, and their own special combination of human qualities—we must realize that these differences necessarily imply misunderstanding, friction, and occasional serious conflict. The student theorizing in his armchair is not likely to perceive how deep these differences of race are.

Kipling's line, "For East is East and West is West, nor ever the 'twain shall meet," is the expression of experience, not mere theorizing; and, while it does not mean that East and West must be always hostile or even unsympathetic, it does mean that serious misunderstanding and even conflict are at times inevitable.

The Pacific, we must never forget, is to be the arena of the greatest events of the future. We are likely to underestimate its importance because our own historical sources are all in Europe and our main relations, cultural and economic, have been and still are in that direction. But with the growth of our population, which will rise far above the present level, we shall find that it is in the Pacific our greatest problem lies. There we shall face races more numerous than our own; nations waking to modern science and to modern powers; peoples under pressure of urgent needs and ambitions, with resources to pursue them and perhaps attain them.

As the civilization from which we sprang developed out of the rivalries around the shores and across the narrow waters of the Mediterranean and the wider expanses of the Atlantic, so the future will see, in the vast arena which Asia and Australasia and the Americas inclose, the next great drama of man's destiny. In that drama we are perhaps compelled to play the leading role. Let us see to it that we are strong to deal with its mighty forces.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Twenty Years a Big League Umpire

AN angry mob chased him into his job—literally. The famous *Billy Evans* reveals how it happened in a series of articles which begins next week—the intimate reminiscences, delightfully told, of a crowded career in baseball.

BILLY EVANS

Walter Davenport writes picturesquely of the professional gambler and his devious ways on the ocean liners. *Working the Tubs* is the title.

Kate Horton contributes a thrilling short story, *Atta Girl*, about a shattered romance, a mysterious robbery, and a switchboard detective.

Arnold Bennett submits *Say Something!* —a whimsical suggestion for the cure of folks who can't talk to strangers—and there's a sparkling tale by *Viola Brothers Shore*, called *The McMaster of His Fate.*

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The CALL BOY

A Love Story of a Young Man Who Had to LIVE a LIE

By

Clarence Budington Kelland

Pictures by R. F. JAMES

"*NOW, get me the first time, George. If there's going to be any front-page publicity stuff pulled around here, I want it.*"

IT WAS Thursday afternoon; the curtain was up, exposing the great dark cavern of the auditorium; the stage was bare and swept, drops and tabs hung high overhead from the gridiron, and scenery was neatly and systematically arranged in layers against the white-washed brick walls at the sides and the rear.

But the stage, during the run of a successful musical comedy, is seldom deserted. Somebody is always on, for some reason or for no reason; so, when George Barber, the company's manager, walked on with a newspaper man, he was not surprised at the activities in progress.

He jerked his head toward a tall young woman who impressed one as being mostly stockings and who was laboriously striving to imitate dance steps exhibited to her by an elderly but agile gentleman with an immense nose.

"Our prima donna," said George. "Trying to supple her up, so she won't creak when she comes on. Now, would you look at that! Graceful as a kitchen chair with the rheumatism! Wonder what makes some of 'em come so stiff?"

George Barber was one of those fortunate men who can go about saying what they please and make everybody like it. He was a saturnine individual whose conduct toward others contrasted sharply with the acid of his comments.

"Where's Bennie?" he asked.

"He was around a minute ago."

"I want you to meet Bennie. He can help you out," said Mr. Barber to his companion. "Assistant stage manager—we call him that, but what he is is call boy. Here's Bennie now."

Nature had been frolicsome when it created the call boy of the Mumblety-Peg Company. If you should set out to comb the world for the most inconspicuous, pitiful little man alive, you could not have found his equal, and luck and his parents had done for him what Nature neglected. His name was Bennie Hopp!

His title was assistant stage manager, but in reality he was call boy, and nothing else. He had no more authority than the papier-mache property cat; but he bustled and wore a look of anxiety, and managed to have a hand in everything that went on on his side of the stage.

In addition to his executive duties as enumerated, Bennie played a bit in the show. It was not a talking part, or a dancing part, or a singing part. It was just the sort of part one would naturally give to Bennie, and he was a great success in it. . . . There was a scene in which the star had to throw somebody around and muss him up and make him look absurd.

Bennie was what was thrown, and during the side-splitting act he maintained such a gravity, such an immobility and impassivity of expression, that he came perilously close to being the hit of the piece. But he never realized it. That, too, was the sort of creature Bennie was.

But, if Bennie knew all about everybody else,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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nobody knew anything about Bennie. Perhaps it was because there was nothing to know. His life seemed to be lived on the stage, and to cease when he left the theater. When the curtain went down at night he crept away to some obscure boarding house and was seen no more until the following morning, when he would appear and stand around on the lonely stage waiting for something to happen.

"Mr. Jenkins," said the manager, introducing his companion, "this is Mr. Hopp. Bennie, Mr. Jenkins wants some backstage stuff. Help him out all you can."

"I will, Mr. Barber. I will." Bennie was very earnest about it. "You just stay on my side of the stage. It's where everything happens. Yes, sir. You stay right here with me, and I'll show you everything. Yes, sir, all the entrances are made from this side. Here's the place to see. You come right over here with me, and I'll look after you."

That was Bennie.

"Where's Mr. Ward?" asked the manager.

Bennie lowered his voice. Most people backstage lowered their voices when they spoke of the beloved star of Mumblety-Peg.

"He's in his dressing room," was the cautious answer.

Mr. Barber turned a heavy and surfeited eye upon his companion; it was an eye which had seen much and comprehended much, a tolerant eye. No vagary of star or chorus girl amazed him; no happening could draw from him more than a thin smile which was half humor and half malice.

"These are bad days backstage," he said, and wrapped his upper lip around his lower, which was a habit of his. "Ted Ward has discovered grammar."

"Eh?"

"Absolute! Grammar, and parts of speech, and first person singular, and everything. Got a yen for it. Says bad grammar upsets him so he can't dance. Huh! It's been two years since he was able to dance, anyhow, but the public hasn't found it out yet."

"Sounds harmless, anyhow."

"Harmless! What does he do but demand I fire every girl that says 'them things' in his hearing. Honest! Hell's bells! It wasn't five years ago he thought a clause was something a cat scratched with. . . . Let's go away from here. You're all set for tonight."

"Don't forget, now. Come right to me, Mr. Jenkins. I'll look out for you." This, eagerly, from Bennie, who watched their departure with earnest, yearning puppy eyes. . . .

II.

THE stage was set for the evening performance; stagehands in their shirt sleeves stood grouped and indifferent; chorus girls ran up and down the iron stairs, pulled up stockings, sat on their bench doing embroidery, or chattered and got in the way.

One girl with an interest in her profession gripped the edge of a piece of scenery to steady herself while she kicked, first forward, then aft, a dozen times, to limber herself for the dances. It was unconscious, graceful, lovely.

Bennie watched her as he had been watching her for months past; watching her was as far as he had gotten, for, unfortunately, he had not a way with the women, and, though girls swarmed over him six nights and two matinees a week, he had never learned the trick of snaring their interest.

He knew them all, and it was his prerogative to call them by their first names and hear their troubles and give them advice about staying out too late at night—but always he remained Bennie, a sort of stage property, not of the male sex or of any other sex, and negligible.

Now he watched Doris with his heart in his mild, ingratiating eyes; but it would have taken a more observing and understanding person than she to understand that a salvo of love was being discharged at her from such a battery. Doris was her first name—there is a Doris in every company—and Delano was the rest of it.

She was young and slender and chestnut, and Bennie was convinced she was the most beautiful girl on the American stage. She "came from an old family in Lexington, Kentucky, somewhat impoverished by the Civil War but, nevertheless, of the socially eminent." She was what Bennie called a nice girl, and she gave very little trouble to anybody.

Bennie believed the Lexington part of it, for it was perfectly credible to him that a Southern pronunciation might be made more piquant by a touch of the brogue of Erin, and he wished to the depths of his soul he could muster up courage to ask her out to dinner.

DORIS finished her exercise and walked toward him.

"Hello, Bennie," she said, and, as if he were a property tree, she rested her hand on his shoulder while she lifted her knee to fix her garter.

"Evenin', Doris." He was all a-flutter at her touch. It was a thing to treasure in his memory.

"How's your cold?" he asked. It was the best he could manage.

"I ain't got a cold," said Doris, in perfect Kentuckian.

"My goodness!" Bennie exclaimed. "Don't let Mr. Ward hear you say 'ain't got.' He'll hand you your notice. He's got a yen on grammar."

Doris sniffed and walked away to peep out at the gathering audience. Bennie sighed and wondered how it was done. . . .

A bright-eyed little pony twinkled up at Doris.

"Girlie," she said, "I can tell you something you don't know."

"Get it out," said Doris, "before it curdles."

"You've won yourself a home."

"Which one is this? The world's all spotted up with homes."

"It's Bennie. Every time you come on he necks you with his eyes. Recover your poise, darling, and take notice."

Again Doris sniffed, but, nevertheless, she turned and favored Bennie with a prolonged scrutiny. Though Bennie did not know it, the pony had done him some good. From that hour forward Doris regarded him with interest. She might not want him, she might scorn him, but it had been mentioned that he had fallen for her, and she could never rest at ease until she knew for certain. It is not chorus girls alone who are constructed in that manner.

Bennie had not long to bemoan his want of fluency, for George Barber came around the set with his companion of the afternoon.

"Bennie," he said, "we've got to jazz things up a little. Business isn't what it should be, and Mr. Jenkins is going to help out. This is for your private ear. He's got an idea you can fit in. How about it?"

"Anything you say, Mr. Barber."

"Good egg. . . . All right, Jenkins; talk it over with Bennie."

"Anything I can do for you. Anything at all," Bennie said earnestly.

"All I want to do is make you famous," said Jenkins, and Bennie grinned at the absurdity of this notion. "Yes, sir. All the old publicity gags are getting the finger. You can't slip 'e by. I've hit a new one, and you're it."

Bennie laughed heartily at the joke.

"But we got to play this one out," Mr. Jenkins said. "We got to plant it and stick to o story. If you let in your own grandmoth that it's a whizzer, the beans are spilt."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that. No, sir."

"Fine. I'll rig up the letter from the Eng lish solicitors and sic the boys on you. All yo got to do is be as surprised as anybody. A you know's what's in the letter, see?"

Mr. Jenkins paused to eye Doris, who wa passing, and Bennie, taking his courage in bot hands, beckoned her.

"Doris," he said, "this is Mr. Jenkins— friend of Mr. Barber's. . . . Miss Delano— prettiest girl in this company."

At that compliment, so daring and original Bennie all but lost control of his Adam's apple which bobbed up and down spasmodically Doris appraised Mr. Jenkins as all backstage folks appraise invaders from the outside worl and wondered what he was doing there. He might be somebody important.

"Mr. Hopp," she said, giving Bennie the dignity of his family name, "is a great kidder."

Bennie gulped. "Now, Doris—honest—say Now, I wasn't kiddin' a-tall. It's what I think and I ain't the only one, neither."

"You mustn't say 'ain't,'" Doris countered, and a trifle cruelly. "You know Mr. Ward is off bad grammar. Just wait 'til he hears about split infinitives!"

Bennie grinned painfully, and when Doris passed on, for her first entrance came from the other side, he said, "Chorus girls ain't what they used to be—they're nicer. I remember them days. Some hard birds we had. Not but what they was nice girls, but they used to get drunk and like that, and come from different families. You won't find anywhere nicer girls than we got with this troupe."

"And Doris is the nicest of all the nice ones. . . . Don't blame you, Mr. Hopp. She's there both ways from the jack. You're some picker."

Bennie wriggled joyfully at the implication.

"If you can do anything for her——" he suggested.

"I can," said Mr. Jenkins, and slapped his thigh. "She'll give it the needed kick. Raise the story from two and a half per cent stuff to regular old pre-war ninety-proof. Stand for it, will she?"

"It'll have to be select," said Mr. Hopp. "She comes of a fine old family down in Lexington."

"Why do so many of 'em pick Kentucky?" Mr. Jenkins said cryptically.

BENNIE had never been treated either with curiosity or with respect, and so to be a sensation bewildered him. Having not the least idea how to conduct himself in the circumstances, he acted just as he always had done, which made it immensely more convincing. As a matter of fact, he was not precisely clear in his own mind whether or not it was true. At any rate, there was the letter from the English solicitors which he had read fifty times, and it looked genuine to him. His orders were to admit nothing, and so he admitted nothing.

But he almost stopped the show.

He was not a newspaper reader, and, consequently, the thing burst upon him unexpectedly when he arrived at the theater. The electrician, who was there before him, wiped his hand on the seat of his pants and shook hands ceremoniously.

"Gosh, Mr. Hopp, how does it feel?" he asked.

Bennie, astounded at the ceremony and the

use of his last name by so important a personage as the electrician, was taken aback, but managed to stammer that it felt all right—and even then he did not know what it was that felt all right. When the stage manager walked 'way across to take his hand and to say with embarrassed jocularity that he hoped he would be invited to visit, only he wouldn't know how to act in that society, Bennie was nonplused.

"Aw, you'll be all right," he said. "Sure, you'll be all right."

Then the chorus girls, who had used him to lean on while they tied their slippers, surrounded him in a gasping, exclaiming mass of fluffs and stockings and curls and gazed at him wide-eyed and called him Mr. Hopp until they gained courage gradually, because his manner was just the same as it always had been, and asked questions and buzzed. Catching Doris' eye, he saw a look in it which had never been there before and which sent a tingle to the tips of his ears.

THINGS happened which Bennie did not see, though he felt the weight of some of them. Ted Ward, in a rage, sent for the manager, who arrived imperturbably to take his dressing-down.

"What's this?" Mr. Ward demanded, shaking an evening paper in Barber's face. "Now, get me the first time, George, and write it down on your pad. If there's going to be any front-page publicity stuff pulled around here, *I* want it. . . . How many times has my picture been in this town's papers in two weeks? I ask you. . . . Three times. A measly three. And look at this."

"Evenin', Doris." He was all a-flutter at her touch.

"Dunno anything about it, Ted," said Barber. "Maybe it's true."

"True? Ha!" Ward's laugh was mirthless. "Sure, it's true. Since when do call boys turn out to be heirs to British peerages? Eh?"

At any rate, there were the facts in the daily press for all to read. "Call Boy of the Mumblety-Peg Company Heir to British Peerage! Direct Line Extinct and Collateral, but Veritable Heir Discovered after Four Years' Worldwide Search." And the veritable heir was Bennie Hopp!

Bennie was not so much thrilled by the peerage part of it, but he objected mildly to the call boy.

"Now, that don't seem just right," he said. "I ain't call boy. No, sir. I been assistant stage manager two seasons."

"But is it really true? And didn't you know it? Not even a hint of it? Didn't you know you had earls for ancestors or anything?" Questions showered from all sides.

"Never dreamt it," said Bennie. "No, sir. . . . Well, there was this letter from them English lawyers, and that was the first I knew."

Bennie fumbled out this thrilling document, and it was passed from hand to hand. Even the lackadaisical young man who sang tenor and danced with the *première danseuse* condescended to read it, and it altered his manner toward Bennie markedly.

"When are we going?" he asked.

"Going where?" Bennie countered innocently.

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"England, of course. To get your title and estates."

"Um—— England. Well, now, I'd never thought of that. I dunno. Honest, I dunno what I better do."

"But you're an earl."

"Can't say about that." He shook his head. "If there's any jack, I wouldn't mind that—uh-uh. But, now, this earl business. I'd have to quit the show business. . . . I was always in the show business."

"And you'll be marrying a duchess or somebody like that," said the contortionist archly.

"Who? Me? Aw, now, Tom, I wouldn't marry nobody like that. I——"

As he protested his innocence of the intention to marry a duchess Bennie's eyes sought Doris. Strangely enough, Doris' eyes were at that moment seeking Bennie, so that they met, and did not part for an instant.

III.

IT was a dull season for news, so the story went big. Jenkins saw his opportunity and threw in all he had. The follow-up on the second day was a work of art, and that thing happened which is the dream of every press agent—to put one over that the news associations will carry!

Jenkins hinted at heart interest to the reporters who came to interview Bennie so that the public was informed of the well-founded rumor that the newly discovered earl was to make a chorus girl from the Mumblety-Peg Company his countess. That was in the morning papers, so the evening papers ferreted out this lead, and Doris Delano, much to her astonishment but not altogether to her dismay, found herself sharing Bennie's honors. It frightened Bennie.

For a dreadful hour he considered absconding; he was afraid to step on that stage and to face Doris—even if the thing were not his doing—but that loyalty which was the keynote of his character would not permit this. It was, however, a very hangdog and worried assistant stage manager who put in an appearance at seven-thirty.

Doris was unconcerned and noncommittal. She did not glance at Bennie, though he studied her covertly, and before the performance edged his way to her side and spoke pleadingly.

"Honest, Doris," he said, "I didn't know a thing about it. Honest I didn't. I never mentioned you to anybody. . . . I——" he fumbled and hesitated. "Not but what I wisht it was so," he said, as he felt himself between the devil and the deep sea. "I'm awful strong for you. Honest I am. It ain't that!" Somehow he gained courage. "If I was elected President I'd want it to be so, but I never mentioned it to you, did I? Now did I? And why should I say such a thing to those reporters? I wouldn't do no sich thing."

"Why," said Doris, severely, "I hardly know you."

"That's right. It's what I said right off. You hardly know me. . . . But that ain't my fault. No, sir. I've wanted to know you. I've watched you around and all, but it didn't seem like you'd want to know me real well, so I never made any passes. . . . I'll make those papers take it back."

"Oh," said Doris, negligently, "I wouldn't bother to do that. It doesn't matter in the least. No harm done. . . . But if you've wanted to know me so bad why didn't you? I'm not so hard to know."

"D'ye mean—— Say, Doris, d'ye mean if I was to ask you you'd go out with me?"

"Why not?"

While they all watched, she moved toward him. "Bennie," she said in a whisper, "you—you

Bennie shivered. "I—after the performance, eh? Dinner? What d'ye say, eh? Tonight."

"Stage door as soon's I'm dressed," said Doris briskly, and left Bennie even more bewildered than he had been the previous night by his sudden illumination by the spotlight of fame.

BENNIE rode the wave without perceiving upon what rocky shore it would presently cast him—that was in the beginning. It must be set down to his credit that he had no intent to deceive, and was almost himself deluded into believing the truth of his ancestry.

This was because the fact of it made no difference to him; it was too remote, the facts of it not to be realized. But so efficiently was the story handled that Doris believed it; indeed, everybody believed it but George Barber and the man whose brain had given birth to the invention. . . . What Bennie did not grasp was that it was not with him—his real self—that Doris Delano was going to dinners and on Sunday excursions, but with an English earl. But gradually it forced itself upon him that this was the truth, and his discomfort of mind became acute.

It is true that from their first evening out together Bennie had talked and planned in his proper person, as an assistant stage manager. It is true that when his courage had mounted to the height of asking Doris to marry him his arguments in support of his proposition had been those of a man in his actual position.

"We'll get on fine, Doris," he said. "I'm sure of steady work, and I'm drawin' down fifty per. That ain't so bad, I'm tellin' you."

"But you keep forgetting you won't need a job."

Bennie blinked. It was then he began to study his position. And as he studied it he began to perceive that if he confessed to Doris he might lose her—*would* lose her.

Actually Doris was growing fond of Bennie, as who would not grow fond of one who lavished so much unselfish affection, who was always so gentle, kind, and thoughtful? Perhaps she took Bennie's goodness too much for granted, because he did nothing to call it to her attention.

But George Barber, who meddled in so

thought I took those pearls." He shook his head. "I took 'em," he said, stubbornly.

many things, determined to meddle in this. George was a man one must know well to judge—and he was not easy to know well. He spoke abruptly to Bennie one evening, dodging electricians who scurried about with bunch lights on iron standards, and his voice was of that semi-jeering quality which characterized it whatever were the motives or the emotions which lay hidden within.

"Bennie," he said, "you better come clean."

"What, Mr. Barber?"

"You've been pulling the gay deceiver thing on Doris about long enough, haven't you? How long do you figure to ride on that whizzer?"

"NOW, Mr. Barber——" Bennie lowered his voice and peered affrightedly about. "Now, Mr. Barber—say! Now, say!"

"Square shooter, aren't you, Bennie?"

Bennie's face was tragic; his eyes were dark with fear and with woe. How the sight affected George Barber is not to be told, for he thrust out his long lip and folded it around his lower.

"Better slip honest dice into the game," he said, and walked away—but not off the stage. In a discreet spot he paused to observe.

Bennie stood for a moment, pale, wiping his hands together as if to clear them of moisture; he opened his mouth and swallowed as if his throat were very dry, and then he walked straight to the bench where Doris was seated with half a dozen other girls awaiting the music for the opening chorus.

"Doris," he said, huskily, "I got to see you a minute."

"Speak up, darling," she said. "Don't be afraid to tell mother."

"I—I got to tell you somethin'."

"Don't you dare tell me you've a wife in Brooklyn," she said, "or that you've lost my handkerchief."

"It's worse. Honest, it's worse, and I kind of don't—well, it's like this—about me and this press agent——"

"What press agent?"

"Why me and this English earl wheeze."

She stood upon two feet now, her keen eyes very intent upon his own.

"*Wheeze?*" she repeated coldly.

"Uh-huh," Bennie said, miserably. "It was him framed it and all that—and then when it went over big I didn't dare let on. First off I didn't see how it was. You know. I didn't want to crab his act. . . . And after that I dassen't. I saw you got your heart set on it, and I dassen't. . . . But honest, Doris, it don't make any difference with *me*. No, sir. I'm just as strong for you as if I was a duke. . . . And if it was me you got engaged to and not to this here earl, why, then it's all right with me, see?"

"And I fell for that?" she said slowly. "I fell like a dumb Dora, and now this bevy of Angoras 'll be slipping me the acid."

"I—I'm awful sorry," said Bennie.

"D'ye think being sorry'll wipe the grins off those faces?" she said, with a savage gesture toward her companions of the chorus. . ... Suddenly she turned upon Bennie and slapped him savagely across the face. . . .

George Barber walked slowly to the stage door, paced the aisle to the front office, and shut himself in. Presently someone rapped, but withdrew as George snapped out a single word. It was profane.

Bennie's slight figure staggered. Even in this moment of tragedy he was absurd. He was absurd as he caught himself by grasping the edge of the back drop so that he swung around grotesquely—and even the tiny trickle of blood at the corner of his mouth was funny. But Bennie did not know it.

He regained his feet and walked heavily past the hushed girls and the staring stage hands to his position just in front of the property room, and there he stood motionless. It may be he moved during the performance, but if he did the movement was very slight. Gray, immobile, with dead, unseeing eyes, he stood until the final curtain—and then he went away. That is all. He just went away. . . .

IV.

BENNIE was in his place in time for the next performance—the glamour of his peerage departed from him.

Then came that final night before the company moved to Chicago—a night which still contains its elements of mystery, about which there are endless discussions, and about which it is felt certain persons unknown could tell a great deal if they dared.

When the thing happened it chanced that George Barber was on the stage hard by the property room, so that Mademoiselle Savarin, the *première danseuse*, saw him immediately as she ran frantically down the iron steps from her dressing room.

"My necklace! . . . My pearls! George, they're gone!"

"Fiddlesticks," said George. "The papers'll never print that. Think up another."

"I mean it, George. They're gone. Aren't they, Molly?" She turned to her maid for confirmation.

"They was in their box when Ma'mselle went on for her last number, and they was gone when we got back to the dressing room," said Molly.

George Barber was prompt.

"We'll frisk the troupe," he said. "Bennie, see nobody gets off this stage until I'm through. When the curtain's down herd the girls up to their rooms. All the men down to the billroom. Any strangers on?"

"No, sir," said Bennie.

"Ma Kimball 'll go through the girls. I'll look after the men myself."

Mademoiselle returned to her dressing room to weep and to be comforted by Molly, while George Barber went about his disagreeable task as delicately as the facts permitted. When

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

Adventures in Health

These letters are typical of thousands which tell of the amazing power of one simple fresh food

"I WAS PASSING through that transitory stage known to all young fellows with its attendant eruptions on the face and neck known as pimples and boils. My face was ghastly and my Mother counted twenty-seven boils on my neck at one time. Of a retiring disposition, this made me more so and I became so sensitive that I often crossed to the other side of the street to avoid meeting the female of the species.

"There was nothing I refused to try. An old-fashioned friend suggested Yeast. With the devotion of a martyr I religiously ate my two yeast cakes a day. In four months every boil had disappeared, my face was clearing, and, most important, I regained my lost confidence."

HAROLD V. DEMOND, New York City

"I AM A HOSTESS at a hotel and not a day passes that someone doesn't ask me how I manage to be up late at night and out in the sun every day and still keep my skin so clear and fair and my eyes so bright. My answer is Fleischmann's Yeast. When I first heard of the curative properties of Yeast I 'tried' it—with no very startling results. Two years more of intestinal indigestion brought me to the point where I determined I'd stick at it. Three cakes of yeast dissolved in water became a daily rite. It was three months before I had the results I wanted—relief from indigestion gas and chronic constipation. To this day I take one cake as regularly as I rise in the morning."

MRS. GERTRUDE W. HOOD, Mount Lowe, Calif.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

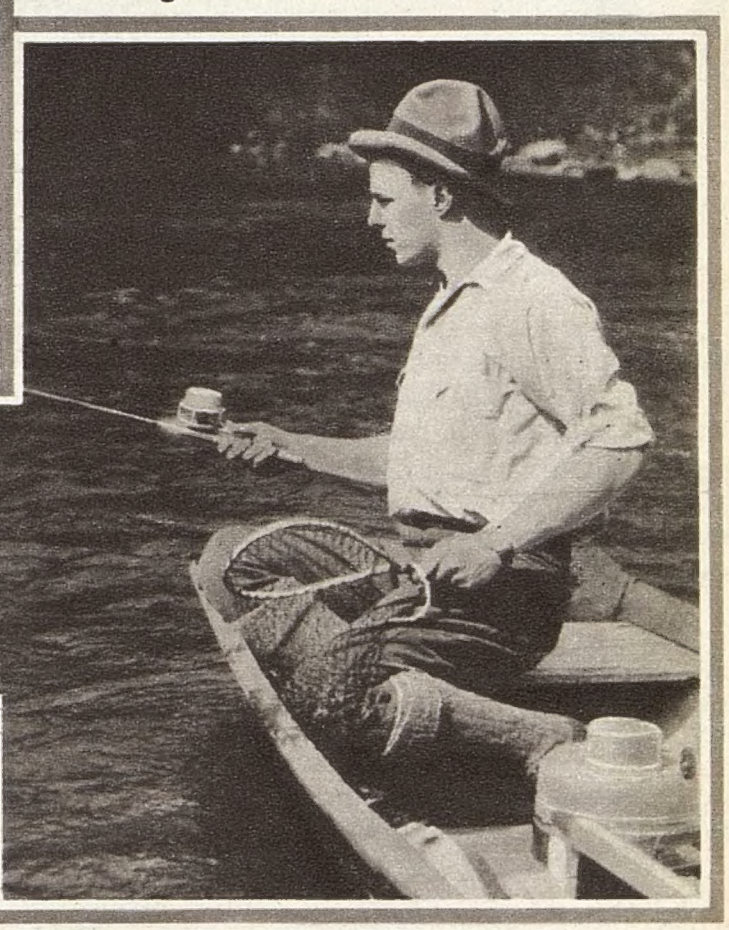
The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals; on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-18, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"MY WORK TAKES me to construction camps where we get 'grub' instead of food. I suffered incessantly from diarrhoea; I could neither digest nor assimilate my 'grub' and became so weak I could hardly get about. I had taken green pills, blue pills, yellow pills, red pills. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. That was five months ago. I am now a devotee of Fleischmann's Yeast—I have thrown away my rainbow of pills and now enjoy camp 'grub' with the appetite of any husky on the job."

BERT T. MASON, Burney, Calif.



"IN MARCH, 1923, I had what I supposed was a nervous breakdown. I was restless, irritable, tired and depressed; my sleep was broken. I had headaches and dizzy spells.

"I thought it quite safe to experiment with a food-medicine, so I began to use Fleischmann's Yeast. Gradually my ills disappeared—I became regular, and discontinued the use of cathartics. My energy returned—and in four or five months I was my former self. Not only have I regained my health, but my color and my general appearance have been improved since I have been using Fleischmann's Yeast. And I still use Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. MARGARET ADE SWEENEY, Roxbury, Mass.

THERE are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain.

"SINCE CHILDHOOD I suffered from chronic constipation. I lived by the 'physic bottle' as religiously as Robert Louis Stevenson ever did. I was nervous and irritable; my appetite was poor, and the food I did eat was not properly digested.

"Three years ago I began the use of Fleischmann's Yeast—a cake before each meal. Results were not instantaneous, but I held tenaciously to the hope that it might help me. It did. At the end of six weeks I felt much better; the daily laxative had become a thing of the past; I had a ravenous appetite. I continued. Fleischmann's Yeast has put me in a state of excellent health."

GLEN C. ANDERSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

the final curtain dropped the women of the company were shut in their rooms above; the stage hands, electricians, carpenters, property men, and crew in general were herded in the billroom under the stage.

"Bennie," said George, "go through me first."

So, setting the example of compliance, the search commenced, but before the manager had satisfied himself that the necklace was not on the persons of the first dozen men Ma Kimball's voice summoned him.

"I got um," she said, but there was no rejoicing in her voice.

ON the stage was a group of frightened girls standing in half circle about one of their number, drawing away from her as she stood before them, white, big eyed, terrified.

"They was in Doris' handbag," said Ma Kimball.

Doris wrung her hands. "Oh, I didn't. . . . I didn't. . . ."

George dangled the string of pearls before her eyes and shrugged his shoulders.

The girl cringed, her terrified eyes fluttered from face to face. She was terribly alone, dreadfully friendless. All the world had turned against her and was pressing in to crush her. Stark horror clutched her, nightmare horror, which was not to be borne. . . . And then, from her very soul, from those hidden, subconscious chambers where sure knowledge is stored, there came a cry, a cry for help.

"Bennie! . . . Bennie! . . ."

To the Bennie who had loved her, to honest, reliable, dependable Bennie she cried in this moment of need!

And Bennie! He looked grotesque in the silly costume which he wore in that last scene, and the way he swallowed three times, so that his Adam's apple bobbed up and down, was absurd. He did not look at Doris. His eyes passed over or through her, but did not see her, and lifted to meet the look of George Barber. . . . He cleared his throat and took one diffident step forward.

"Mr. Barber," he said, and his voice sounded as if his throat were lined with crackling parchment, "I guess I can't go through with it. . . . I done it. I done it to get even with her. I lifted them pearls and slipped 'em into her bag . . ."

That was all. Not even now did Bennie glance at Doris, but turned slowly and walked to the little group composed of the electrician, the stage manager, and the uniformed officer. He was giving himself up. . . . Somehow he did not seem absurd now as he dropped upon the bench and rested his head wearily upon his hands.

No one cared to move; it was a tableau not lighted for the public to see. . . . But suddenly it was interrupted. Mademoiselle Savarin came running breathlessly down the stairs.

"Oh, George," she cried, "I'm sorry to make so much trouble, and I want to apologize to everybody. But I found them. Molly found them. They'd slipped down behind——"

"You found *what?*" George snapped.

"My pearls."

The manager looked helplessly from the necklace in the dancer's hand to the necklace which hung across his own palm.

"Then," he demanded, "what in blazes are these?"

The dancer looked at them, and turned up her nose.

"You can buy those in any junk shop for a dollar," she said.

"Bennie!" George's voice snapped.

The assistant stage manager raised his head.

"You sneaked into Miss Savarin's dressing room and took her pearls?"

"Yes, sir."

"And put them in Doris' bag?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how come," George demanded, "that Miss Savarin never lost her pearls and that they never were in Doris' bag? Eh! How come?"

Bennie did not comprehend. "I —I——" He faltered.

George faced Doris Delano.

"And that," he said, "is the boy you slapped because he wasn't an earl! That's the boy you hung the raspberry on! . . ."

DORIS stared round-eyed at George; then she moved her head slowly, as one bemused, and stared at Bennie, who sat again with head sunk upon his hands. Then, while they all watched, she moved toward him and stood above him.

"Bennie," she said in a whisper, "you—you thought I took those pearls."

He shook his head. "I took 'em," he said, stubbornly.

"Oh, Bennie! . . . Oh, Bennie! . . ." In her voice was everything which can come from the soul of a woman to whom the golden gates are suddenly opened—and she sank upon her knees and enfolded him with her arms. . . .

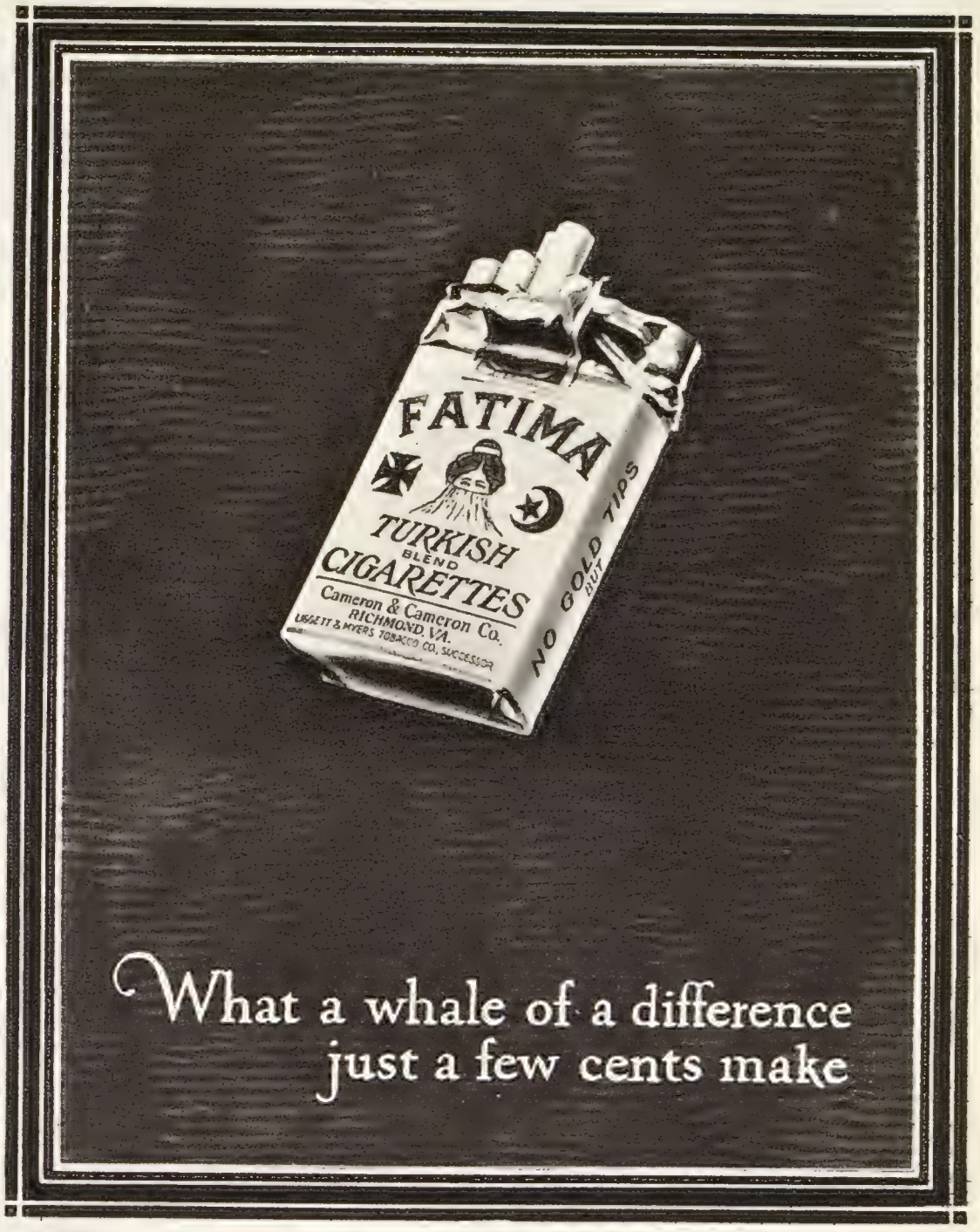
George Barber sat tilted back in his swivel chair in the front office, peering gloomily down his long nose. The house officer stood in the door, scratching his head.

"What I don't git," he said, "is how come them phony pearls in the girl's bag."

George Barber glanced up, and his long upper lip reached to enfold the nether. There was irony in the steel of his eye.

"Try and find out, Mike," he advised.

THE END



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Lends depth and line
• • • • to pale eyes

Solid form

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(Waterproof)

Eyes which an instant before were pale and quite unable to express, become deeply shaded pools; meaningful, talkative, and alluring—when MAYBELLINE is applied. Put on a drop of the Waterproof Liquid or a touch of the Solid form; then peek into your mirror. What a marvelous transformation!

MAYBELLINE does its magic work by making even the lightest, most scant lashes appear long, dark and *naturally* luxuriant. It is a mighty beauty aid—and one which every girl and woman can use to advantage. The genuine will not stiffen nor break the lashes. Be sure you get it.

Either Solid or Waterproof Liquid in Black or Brown—
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Girls! Women!

$3000 in cash prizes

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Beauty Contest

Photo of beautiful Allene Ray, feminine star of "Sunken Silver." Send in your photo. You, too, may achieve fame through a start in a small part!

DO you want to win fame in the movies? Do you want to win a fortune in cash? "Sunken Silver" the gripping, thrilling story of hidden fortune brings you this truly wonderful opportunity to find your *own* hidden fortune —in yourself!

Here's your chance to win $1000 in cash and a place in the movies! Or you may win one of 24 other big cash prizes from $750 down.

Just send us your photograph and a short letter telling why you believe you are fitted for a Patheserial part, basing your reasons on the talent shown by the artists in any Patheserial you have seen. Pathe will select winning photos on basis of good looks, expression, intelligence and apparent screen effectiveness.

25 Big Cash Prizes!

Awards will be made as follows: Winner of the first prize receives $1000 in cash and a four weeks' engagement in a Patheserial (within a short time after announcement of prize winners) at $100 a week! Second prize is $750 cash; 3rd prize $500; 4th prize $250; 5th prize $100; next two prizes $50 each; next 8 prizes $25 each; next 10 prizes $10 each! A grand total of $3000 in cash and a real opportunity to win fame and fortune in the movies! Tying contestants each get full amount of prize tied for.

Snapshots—*if clear*—are acceptable. Contest open to women and girls only, who are not now acting on the stage or in motion pictures. Name and address, printed plainly, must appear on back of photo and at the top of letter. Pathe reserves right to publish photos submitted. Contest closes August 15, 1925.

Mail photo and letter early enough to reach our office ON OR BEFORE AUGUST 15, 1925. Address it to "Beauty Contest Editor" at Pathe Exchange, address below.

Remember, many of the famous screen stars you admire and envy got their start in a small part. Don't let this remarkable opportunity slip away from *you!* You may never again have such a wonderful chance to win fame and wealth. Do not delay, do not hesitate. Send in your photograph NOW!

Ask when "Sunken Silver" comes to your theatre!

You should see every one of the 10 big weekly chapters of this enthralling, amazing Patheserial. See the lovely Claire Standish (Allene Ray) in her heroic fight among tropical jungles for the fortune that is rightfully hers. Follow her throbbing, romantic love story —see the remarkable ability and dazzling beauty that have brought her fame, as your own beauty and ability may bring you fame and fortune through the Beauty Contest announcement here. Ask at your local theatre when "Sunken Silver" will be shown. Don't let *anything* prevent your seeing this greatest Patheserial *ever produced!*

Pathe Exchange, Inc.
35 West 45th Street
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TRADE MARK

A Famous Wife's Husband

Tells How It Used to Feel to Be Known as "Mr. Kathleen Norris"

Campbell Photo

Mr. (Charles G.) and Mrs. (Kathleen) Norris.

By CHARLES G. NORRIS

THE writer of this article is a well-known novelist, as is also his wife, Kathleen Norris, wherein lies the reason for this exposition. Kathleen Norris attained fame as a writer long before her husband became a novelist of "best selling" caliber.

Eclipsed by the reputation of his wife, Mr. Norris applied himself to writing so successfully that he has produced several of the best novels published in recent years—worthy companions to the works of his famous brother, the late Frank Norris.

I AM repeatedly asked how I managed to succeed as a novelist after my wife had already become one—and a very well-known one at that. Most persistently these inquiries come from young husbands whose wives are emerging into the limelight on the stage, screen, or in print, and who appear to be eclipsing them in fame and, very often, in fortune.

With these young husbands I can sympathize enormously; I can sympathize with any husband whose wife is better known than he is. It is an anomalous position for a man, and I don't believe any husband in the world enjoys it.

I know of one husband in particular, a painter of moderate distinction who married a young and pretty actress when she was playing a minor role on Broadway. Presently she made a hit, was starred, and received tremendous publicity in the newspapers. The same newspapers rarely mentioned him, and when they did, it was no more than a squib in the art column. People knew her; few had ever heard of him.

After three years, he couldn't stand it any longer. There was no quarrel between them; he loved her, she loved him; they were congenial and when together very happy. But it was impossible for him to swallow the humiliation of being patronized by his wife's friends and the world in general—so he left her and went about living his own life in his own way. It was far better, he decided, than being known as "Dotty Blank's husband."

I could name a long list of men who have famous wives, particularly women who have had brilliant careers on the stage and in opera. We all can bring them to mind. Recently we have the interesting example of the Marquis de la Falaise who has taken unto himself Miss Gloria Swanson as spouse. I wonder how the marquis is going to like being known as "Gloria Swanson's husband."

Now, I know exactly what that means to a man. I have been introduced and referred to as "Kathleen Norris' husband"; I have even experienced the humiliation of being called "Mr. Kathleen Norris!" It hurts masculine pride. It hurt mine. I determined I couldn't endure it, and this is the story of how I succeeded—after a fashion—in making a name for myself.

Sixteen years ago, when Mrs. Norris and I were married, I was employed by the *American Magazine* at twenty-five dollars a week. Eight months before I had gone from San Francisco to New York and had commenced to work on the editorial staff of the same periodical for fifteen dollars a week. At the end of three months I was raised to twenty dollars and in another three months my salary was again boosted five dollars. When twenty-five dollars a week was assured, I wired the girl out in San Francisco who had promised to be my wife to come to New York and be married. Accompanied by my mother, she came, and a week after her arrival the ceremony was performed, and we began life together on a one-hundred-dollar-a-month income.

How we pinched and economized and laughed and tasted life to the full during these early years has no particular part in this record. But I wish to say in passing that the success of the venture belongs entirely to her. Our rent was thirty dollars a month, our table allowance a dollar a day, my pocket money a dollar a week, which included lunch money, carfare, and tobacco. The conclusion that may be drawn is correct: we went without—but never was the joy of living so great or the sense of self-denial and sacrifice so trifling. And on this budget we saved—saved money every month—and as I grow older I come more and more to believe that the success of marriage depends largely on that: freedom from debt and a co-operation on the part of both husband and wife to *save*.

Back in San Francisco, Mrs. Norris had been a newspaper reporter and had tried her hand at two or three efforts in fiction, but up to the time of our marriage had never had a short story published in any standard monthly. On the *American Magazine* I was make-up man, art editor, proof reader—anything and everything—and among my other jobs I read manuscripts. I used to read these at night, carrying a pile of them home each evening.

KATHLEEN used to help me. This reading of other people's work led us to talk of writing ourselves. We both wanted to write. Kathleen had had three years' experience of newspaper training. As a boy of fourteen, I had known the writer's itch and at that age I had commenced my first novel; at high school I had edited the school paper, at college written the Junior Farce, and in the years following graduation achieved two or three short stories.

I urged Kathleen now to try her hand at some new fiction.

"Surely you can write stories as good as some of these we are accepting," I said.

She took my advice, and presently I was sending her manuscripts from magazine to magazine. The *Atlantic Monthly* accepted the first, *McClure's* the next five, and then followed the rest—*Everybody's, Adventure, Metropolitan,* the *Saturday Evening Post,* etc.—in almost a scramble of eagerness to get something from the pen of this new literary light that had risen over the magazine field.

Then came Mother. This was written in

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short-story length at first for a contest instituted by the *Delineator*. It ran to too many words and so was never submitted, but I took it to my own editor, who promptly bought it for two hundred and fifty dollars.

After it appeared in the magazine I urged Mrs. Norris to extend the story into novelette size and shortly afterward found a publisher who thought well enough of it to publish it in book form. I suppose Mother today has sold close to a million copies. Roosevelt indorsed it; Mr. Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal* ran it serially in his magazine, although at the very time it was appearing there his readers could buy the complete story in book form at any book store.

With Mother came fame, national fame for my wife, and I began to be known as "Kathleen Norris' husband." I laughed about it, I joked and shrugged my shoulders, but it bit deeply nevertheless. There was never any jealousy. Not then nor now have I ever known that feeling in regard to my wife's popularity.

ONE instance I remember during those first years still carries a sting. A novelist—a lady of wide reputation as a writer—invited Kathleen to be her guest at the opera, and Kathleen, believing the invitation of course included me, accepted. It was a blow to us both to discover it was intended for her alone.

To make this confession helpful, as I want it to be, I must touch on the financial aspect of the situation. At the end of five years my wife's income was in the thousands, my own still but forty dollars a week.

It is true that I acted as her agent, made contracts for her, procured orders for serials, and unquestionably increased her market and boosted her prices. But outside of the immediate family what I contributed to our income in this way was not recognized. No one gave me any credit for the part I played. My friends, acquaintances, could easily guess my salary; it did not account for the comfort and manner of living which by then we felt we could afford. The conclusion was natural enough. That, too, was humiliating—perhaps the most humiliating of all.

And there at the end of five years after our marriage I faced the situation and squarely looked it in the face. We had started together, we had both wanted to write, she had had the leisure to follow her wish, I had been grubbing at an editorial desk all day and coming home at night too weary to think about composing even a letter; she had achieved success, fame, money; I was no more than a subeditor, unknown, earning forty dollars a week. The brilliance of her success made it all the harder for me to begin. She had won a national reputation; there was small reason to suppose that I could win one, too.

A time came when after a serious illness of several months, Kathleen was ordered by our physician to seek a change of climate and a long rest. Naturally our thoughts turned toward California. My wife's health was for me the vital consideration, so I resigned my editorial position and took her West. Across the bay from San Francisco we rented for six months the only available house in Mill Valley equipped with a furnace—for, Californians though we are, it must be admitted, since this tale is a true one, that it is cold in the Golden State in winter, cold and wet and occasionally extremely disagreeable!

After we were installed in this very comfortable home and I was satisfied Kathleen's health was rapidly returning I began to think once more of writing.

"Ah," I said, "here we are, established for six months; I have nothing to do; now is my chance to write a novel."

So I bought ink, pens, blotters, and a large, impressive block of paper and sat down to write, only to discover I had no plot, no idea, nothing to write about. Twelve years before I had made my first acquaintance with New York, and impressions of those years were still vivid.

"Very well," I thought, "I will write about them and about a young man who goes to the great city of cities in quest of fortune." How many young novelists begin just this way!

So I started in, and after two or three weeks of steady grinding I made the astonishing discovery that my plot and characters developed and took shape *as I wrote*. This may not seem remarkable to anybody else, but it is to me. All the thinking in the world about a plot, all the cogitating away from my desk over the right solution of a difficult situation, all the waiting for an inspiration gets me nowhere. Once my pen is in my hand some part of my brain, at other times beyond control, begins to function and my story comes to me and grows as I write.

Well, in twelve months my first novel was finished, and it was not a very good first novel. I peddled it about among the various New York publishers without success. Sinclair Lewis—a friend of mine for many years—was at that time a reader for the house of George H. Doran. I took the manuscript to him, and, most magnanimously and warmly, he recommended it for publication. I think Lewis was sincere, but at the moment he had his own first novel ready to send forth, and I have always suspected that I caught him in a sympathetic mood.

At any rate, my first novel was published a few months later and went kerplunk into the literary flood of the season without causing a ripple. But I was encouraged.

"I am at last a novelist," I assured myself; "I can write books that will be published; I shall go on writing them."

When I looked at Kathleen, I dare say I was very like the kitten in the old cartoon who is shown regarding a magnificent and majestic King of Beasts and saying "I, too, am a lion."

IN July, 1915, I started Salt, and for fifteen months I gave everything I had in me to the writing of this book. I thought the road ahead of me was clear and easy. Having found a publisher for my first novel, all I had to do, I believed, was to go on writing others, which would be published as fast as completed.

So far nobody had heard of my first book and I was still "Kathleen Norris' husband." Deep in my heart, too, I felt that that first novel of mine was not anything of which to be particularly proud—and, further, I knew that it had not sold any too well.

I began to work eight, ten, twelve hours a day on Salt, whipping myself to my desk when I wanted to play golf, or bridge, or do anything else that would waste time, gritting my teeth, forcing my hand to carry my pen from line to line until my fingers ached. I couldn't masquerade as a novelist and keep my self-respect; I realized I had to be a real author in my own estimation and also one whose books would command a profitable sale.

So I grubbed away at Salt and took it to Mr. Doran. At the end of a week he sent for me to tell me he couldn't publish it, as it was too long and contained a sympathetic portrait of a German-American family which would be unacceptable to the reading public, at that time watching with lively interest the European struggle. He also said that, owing to the war, he did not believe the book would sell.

I shall never forget that afternoon. At five o'clock I was to meet Kathleen and my sister-in-law with her three babies at the Pennsylvania Station for a train back to our home on Long Island. Teresa had brought her trio to New York to have their photographs taken, the pictures to be used for Christmas presents. The littlest girl was only a few months old.

To none of us had a suspicion occurred that Salt would not find a ready acceptance by my publisher, as we all considered it was infinitely a better book than my first attempt.

I met my wife and her sister with my manuscript under my arm and death in my heart and answered their bright, happy smiles of greeting and inquiry with the news that seemed to me to sound the knell of all my hopes. And at that moment the baby's bottle slipped from my concerned sister-in-law's arms and crashed on the cement floor in a splatter of milk and a shiver of glass. To me it seemed exquisitely symbolic.

BACK to California once more, and laboriously, page by page, Salt was reduced by a quarter of its original length and the nationality of the German family changed to that of Swiss. I had to succeed, I kept telling myself in those days; failure was not to be thought of for a moment. My happiness, my self-respect were at stake. Salt *was* a good book; I knew I should never feel ashamed of it; it *did* justify me in my own heart as an honest-to-God novelist.

But Mr. Doran again said "No" when the manuscript was laid before him; and Salt began its journeyings to all the various publishing houses: Doubleday, Page & Company, Harper's, Houghton Mifflin Company, Stokes, Appleton's, etc. War came, and I went to training camp, leaving Salt in the hands of an agent. I was a failure, I told myself; I could never become a successful novelist; I was destined always to be known as "Kathleen Norris' husband."

"Well," said I, "at least I can be a soldier."

Months later, at Camp Dix, New Jersey, I received a letter from my agent that Mr. John Macrae of E. P. Dutton & Company had read Salt, liked it, and wanted to publish it immediately. It appeared in the fall of 1917, and sold over fifty thousand copies.

That is the only interesting part of the story about myself. The rest followed easily enough.

Brass was begun after the war was over, was finished in October, 1920, and published in the fall of the next year, topping the list of best sellers for six months. Bread came two years later and was accorded a reception equally as good.

Now Pig Iron is on the ways and will be launched early in the fall of this year. The fate of this particular book I await with especial interest, for I have worked harder over it than any of its predecessors, and personally I think it is the best book I've written. Will the critics and the public agree with me?

And so to the young, or, for that matter, old husband with a famous wife I can only say, "Go thou and do likewise," and, "Faith can remove mountains."

And to the hopeful but yet unacknowledged writer I can say in particular, "Anyone can write who has two qualifications: the itch to do so and the determination to succeed."

The itch implies imagination, appreciation, talent, bent, perhaps genius, but the itch without the determination—I like the word "stick-to-it-iveness" better—profiteth him nothing.

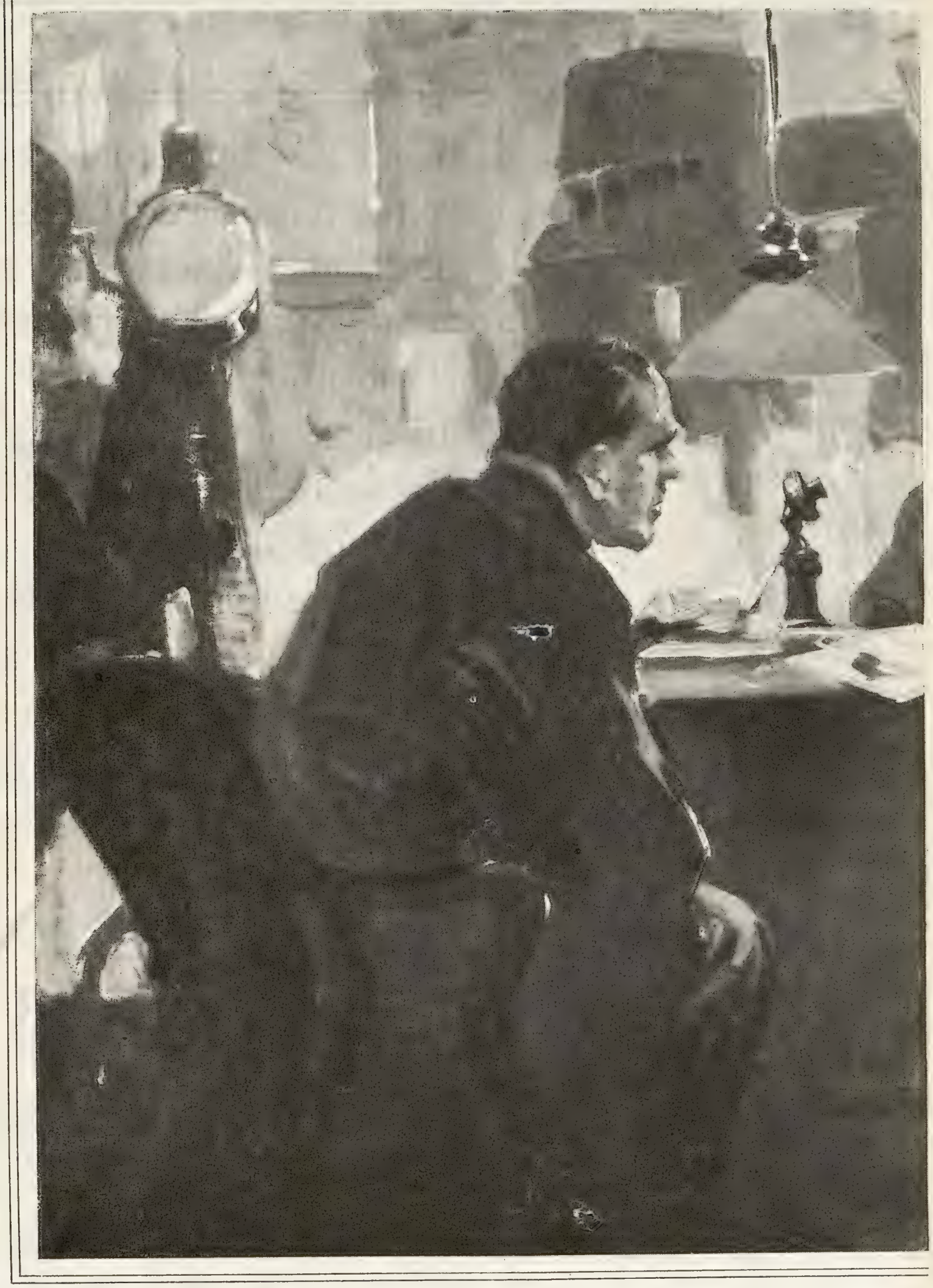
THE END

Leg-fit! While smartness has ever been a refining characteristic of this luxurious hosiery, the remarkable wear-ability of its material, and the fact that it *hugs snugly* the ankle and leg, have been big factors in that leadership which Phoenix has maintained for a full decade. And that's the reason why it is the best selling hosiery in all the stores. Never has the assortment of styles and tints been so alluring as today. Smartness—always—and leg-fit.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

An Exciting New Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery



Pictures by
WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

WHO'S WHO IN THE SECOND INSTALLMENT

ANDREW DICKERSON, *celebrated attorney, has given up a New York practice to lead a quiet life in Willett's Bridge, a small Pennsylvania town. But a baffling murder occurs, and he is persuaded to defend*

DR. GILBERT ELIOT, *a brilliant young physician, accused of murdering his employer,*

DR. CHARLES FAIRLIE, *one of the best-loved men in the county. His sudden death had been ascribed to ptomaine poisoning; but his body, on being exhumed, was found to contain arsenic enough to kill three men.*

LAURA FAIRLIE, *Doctor Fairlie's widow, is a mysterious woman whose seductive beauty is thought to have driven Doctor Eliot to the crime. Her apparent determination to bring him to execution is combated by*

EVE HAMILTON, *handsome, twenty-seven, and the last member of a wealthy county family. It was she who enlisted Dickerson in Doctor Eliot's defense. Further, she undertakes a hurried motor trip to New Haven, to beg the help of*

JULIET JACKSON, *a keen-witted newspaper woman, known as The Female Ferret for her skill in unearthing clews in murder cases.*

Madame

JULIET JACKSON turned on the light over her bed and glanced at the watch on the bedside table. It was half-past two. She yawned, picked up Eve Hamilton's telegram and read it again. "Engage room adjoining your own if possible. Motoring. Will arrive about two-thirty morning. Important. Evadora."

She smiled at the quaint baptismal name and noted that the telegram had been sent from New York, not Willett's Bridge. Evidently there was need for caution. She sat up against the pillows, wondering about the Eve she was soon to see.

Only once since boarding-school days had she seen Eve Hamilton, and that occasion had been Juliet's own wedding. Seven years ago, and Eve was still unmarried. Well, Juliet did not blame Eve for leaving matrimony alone. Money in plenty, health, and looks — why should any woman so dowered marry!

Juliet had quite forgotten her own brief taste of happiness, and was remembering only the dragging years that had followed. After a terrible six months of illness, Juliet had found herself a widow, with nothing left of their savings, no insurance, and a small son to support.

Where was the Juliet Jackson Eve had known? That Juliet was gone—never to return. She saw in the mirror a small, thin, brown, elflike person, with a curious mop of red-brown hair cropped short in the prevailing mode and standing up in wild curls and tendrils all over her head. "I'm an odd fish," Juliet told herself. "I wonder what Eve will think of me. She may not know me."

There was a faint rap on the communicating door, then three louder ones. The old boarding-school signal. Juliet thrust her feet in her slippers, and ran across the room. She rapped back in the same manner, a key turned in the lock and the door swung open. For a moment they stood regarding each other. Then Eve's arms went round the small figure and she stooped to kiss the little, nervous, clever face.

"Juliet! My dear!"

"The same old Eve! Oh, Eve! Time has stood still for you—and look what it's done to me!"

Eve's only answer was to hold the childishly slim figure close and stroke the turbulent hair.

Juliet was the first to speak.

"No reminiscences," she warned. "I can't

JULIET spoke, indicating the photograph which Neill had put back on the desk. "The widow of the murdered man."

Judas

By Margaret TURNBULL

stand them, and, besides, there's no time, is there?"

Eve shook her head.

"Then let's get to business. For it is business, isn't it, that brings you here at this hour of night, or morning, to consult me—to——"

"Beg for help," Eve said, gravely. "It's the Fairlie murder case, Juliet."

"Gilbert Eliot."

Eve nodded.

Juliet sat on the edge of her bed, coolly surveying Eve, who had sunk into a chair near by.

"Is he guilty?"

Eve started. "He says not."

Juliet sat back and regarded her. "Hm'm! Is that all you can say? Don't you know?"

"I know—nothing," Eve told her, firmly.

"What do you think?" Juliet leaned forward and held Eve's eyes with her own. "No dodging. If I am to help you I must know where we stand, what we are working for."

Eve lifted her hands and let them fall again into her lap. "I don't dare—think," she whispered.

The two women looked at each other.

"Yet you are willing to spend all your money and time to save him?" Juliet asked.

"I am willing to spend and do all I can for Gilbert, because I want to see that the guilty, not the innocent, are punished."

Juliet cocked an inquiring eye at her. "You don't know that Gilbert Eliot is innocent. You don't know that he is guilty. You prefer—or rather you dare not trust yourself to think about it. Yet you want the guilty punished. Hm'm!"

SHE went into a prolonged brown study, during which Eve regarded her with set face.

Finally Juliet looked up. "All right. I'm in on this fight with you, Eve. With the understanding that I am not to be held responsible for what I unearth. You want the truth, don't you?"

Eve nodded.

"Well, the truth may not be what your friend Gilbert needs—to clear him. But we'll get it."

She held out her hand.

Eve took it, saying, "Thank you. I do want the truth and nothing else from you, Juliet; but you must not act on the supposition that I believe Gilbert guilty."

Juliet gave her a long look. "Oh, no. You just aren't quite sure he's entirely innocent. Now, what is it you want me to do? I've gone over the case from the facts in the newspapers, and I believe I know the main outline. Enough to go on, anyway. What's my job?"

"Juliet, you're wonderful! I want to know all about Mrs. Charles Fairlie before she went to live in Hartford, Connecticut, and met Doctor Charlie. She was a resident of New Haven at one time. Born here, I think. I've got to go back at once so as to be in court tomorrow at ten, but while I'm sitting there listening to her direct testimony I want you to find out what you can about Laura Fairlie. I want anything you get in time to help Mr. Dickerson

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

AMAZING BARGAIN

A Genuine WHITE CROSS 2 Burner Electric Range for Only $6.00

Now You Can Have This Wonderful Electric Range At An Amazing Special Introductory Bargain Price. An Electric Range Is Today a Necessity In Every Home—There Are Literally Hundreds of Uses for This Time and Labor Saving Invention—And Now You Can Equip Your Home with One of the Finest Electric Ranges Ever Made for Only $6.00!

JUST think of it! A genuine White Cross Electric Range, guaranteed to be perfect, at the amazing low price of only $6! Every home should have one of these ranges—it will save hours of work and will prove to be the greatest convenience you have ever owned.

A Year Round Range

You will find constant uses for this range the year round. It may be used not only on the kitchen cabinet, the tea cart, the Summer porch, the breakfast nook, for the buffet supper or for the hasty breakfast—but it also fills every requirement of a general purpose stove for three meals a day. It is ideal to replace a messy, smoky kerosene or gasoline stove during the Summer. Or it may be kept in the bedroom, ready to heat the baby's milk or hot water for an invalid in the middle of the night. Uses no more current than your electric iron or toaster. Lightens your housework. Adds immensely to your home comforts. It is a genuine White Cross Product—the latest in the family of White Cross Electric Appliances now in use in more than two million homes.

This White Cross Range is made of finest heavy sheet steel, beautifully finished in black baked enamel, nickel trimmed. Indicating rotary switch on each burner. A protecting plate under each heating unit. Utilizes all the heat. Operates on either direct or alternating current, 110 to 125 volts. Has standard length asbestos lined heating cord with two-piece plug. Absolutely safe.

What Users Say

One housewife writes: "A service and convenience worth ten times its cost. I use it for almost every meal." Another says: "The most highly prized of all my electrical appliances." And from another: "Housewives should have had a help like this five years ago."

Special Introductory Offer

The White Cross factories have set aside 10,000 of these two-burner electric ranges for introductory price distribution among electric homes. If it isn't possible for you to secure one at once from your dealer we will immediately ship one to you on approval if you will send the coupon below and at the same time mention the name of your dealer. It will go to you on approval, and if you are not delighted at the end of six days' time merely return it and your money will be at once refunded.

This is the large modern Chicago factory in which White Cross Electric Appliances are made.

10,000 of these remarkable ranges have been set aside for distribution among electric homes at the introductory price of $6. If unable to secure the White Cross Electric Range from a nearby dealer, you can get one direct from the factory on approval by simply using the coupon below.

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New customers and increased profits develop quickly to the dealer who offers this White Cross Electric Range. Write at once for the interesting White Cross Sales Plan. The White Cross line is complete: Percolators, Toasters, Irons, Waffle Irons, Grills, Fans, Curling Irons, Heating Pads, Hair Dryers, etc.

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Chicago, Illinois

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MRS. FAIRLIE hesitated. The courtroom was very still. "I—I think that after a little Doctor Fairlie thought that Doctor Eliot paid—paid too much attention to me."

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 17]

in his cross-examination. He doesn't agree with me that it's necessary. I've come to you entirely on my own, and on nothing stronger than—intuition. I remember how she hesitated before she said New Haven when I asked her if she had lived in Hartford all her life."

"Good old intuition," Juliet admitted, and stared off into space.

"Have you a picture of the lady?" she finally asked.

Eve nodded. "I did think of that. Here is one Charlie sent me from New Haven the day he wrote announcing his marriage."

Juliet took it from Eve's hand, stared at the photograph and whistled as she looked. "Many a murder's been committed for less," was her outspoken comment. "A beauty—without question."

"She is lovelier than that," Eve said, honestly.

Juliet sat gazing intently; her odd, elfish face tense in its concentration. Then she straightened up and looked at Eve.

"With a woman like that liable to be called to the witness stand tomorrow—any time—there's no time to lose. That face would hang any man, if *she* wants him hanged, here in sentimental America. She *is* against him, isn't she?"

"She has certainly done, and is doing, nothing for him," Eve said, bitterly.

"Well," Juliet rose, "get into bed and sleep for the short time you can. I'm going out now."

"Now!"

Juliet laughed. "Oh, it seems impossible, but—wait, I'll get Paul first."

She went to the telephone, gave a number, and waited.

"To you it would be impossible, but to Paul Sanger and to me it is all in the day's or night's work. Of course——

"That you, Paul? Juliet. Important. Meet me here in ten minutes. Explain as we go to the police station. All right. Atta boy!"

She hung up the receiver, grinning, and reached for her clothes.

"Paul's a good kid. Used to be the best police reporter on the job. Promoted since, but his pull still holds. Don't offer to come along, because you just—can't."

"I'll do anything," Eve offered. "My car and Joe are downstairs. Also Sam——"

"Not for a moment," Juliet told her, airily —a Juliet who was incredibly dressed. "Give the show away. I'll tell Sam and Joe to get a room to sleep in, and put up the car. You'll need a little rest, and so will the men, before you take the dash back. I give you my word of honor to wake you and start you off at five-thirty. So long, Evey dear, and—don't worry."

She was gone, and Eve, feeling that everything had been taken out of her hands, went wearily into the adjoining room, took off her outer garments, and flung herself on the bed.

When she fell into a troubled sleep it was to dream of none of the people she knew, but to be haunted by the Spaniard.

WHILE Eve tossed and murmured in her sleep, Juliet was discussing possibilities in a police captain's office with the captain and Paul Sanger, a wiry, oldish-young man, with odd, sleepy-looking gray eyes that saw everything, putting in an occasional word.

They had arrived at no conclusion when one of the senior lieutenants came in with a report. He was a big, slow-moving Irishman, a little clumsy, but with curious, light blue eyes of a very penetrating quality. As he walked past the captain's desk he saw the photograph Juliet had placed there. His odd eyes changed, contracted, ever so slightly.

But The Female Ferret was watching him. He made his report to the captain on the matter that had summoned him there and turned to go.

Quick and silent as he was, Juliet was quicker. She leaned toward the captain and said three words.

"Neill!" called the captain. "Come back

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GREGORY

JIFFY-DINE

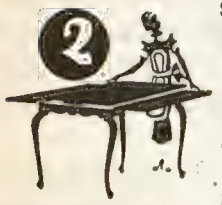
"Convertible .·. in a Jiffy"

—a smart table for smart folk!

Pull knob to lift top

THINK! A library table you can convert into a dining table by pulling a concealed knob, and then pulling out the extensions from both sides! It's called the Jiffy-Dine, and is the very latest whisper in things that go to make the home more beautiful and livable.

This table is a great improvement over any library *extension* table on the market. So neat!—So practical! Comes in combination (mahogany or walnut) in distinctive finishes—and in pleasing period designs. You are sure to find one that will harmonize with your particular style of furniture.



Draw out leaves

To furnish the one-room apartment or small house is such a problem—one invariably has too much or too little. The table is usually the balancing point, and if it must serve two purposes, it is necessary that it be attractive, substantial and—just the right size. All these things you will find in the Jiffy-Dine which has enjoyed such a tremendous demand since its introduction a short time ago.

Push knob to drop top

Home is the place in which you live, relax, are comfortable and settled. The Jiffy-Dine adds that distinctive note of personality which is the making of a really livable home. Be sure you look for the "top lifting" Jiffy-Dine, for it is a marked improvement over the first Jiffy-Dines sent to market.

Send the coupon for folder illustrating the various styles of Jiffy-Dines

GREGORY FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO.
TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Gentlemen: I shall appreciate a copy of your folder, illustrating the various styles of the Gregory "Jiffy-Dine."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

here a minute. I want you. Know this lady, don't you?"

Neill shook his head, and with a keen look in the blue eyes and a slow smile said, "No, but I've been wanting to."

"Blarney!" Juliet told him, grinning up at him. "Why, then, did you leave me to make the first advances? Sure, 'twas I that asked the captain here to introduce us."

The lieutenant laughed, and his eyes narrowed again. A big, slow, man, not likely to be rated high by an outsider looking for the great detective, but Juliet felt she had made a valuable acquaintance.

Neill saw that her glance did not release him, and looked at his captain. "Is there anything?"

"There is," Juliet interrupted. "When did you last see that face?"

She picked up the photograph of Laura Fairlie and handed it to him.

"I don't know that I've ever—"

"Oh, yes, you have," Juliet told him easily. "Don't put me off, Mr. Neill, by telling me it was only her good looks that made you screw your eyes when you caught sight of it. You've seen that lady before. Where?"

"It's a private matter," Neill said, and glanced from one to the other. His captain nodded and indicated a chair.

Neill took it. "'Tis confidential," he told Juliet, unsmilingly, "and I cannot be passing it along until I know what I'm up against."

Juliet surveyed him and the others. Again the captain gave a scarcely perceptible nod, this time addressed to Juliet.

She spoke, indicating the photograph which Neill had put back on the desk. "The widow of the murdered man in the case of *The People vs. Gilbert Eliot.*"

"Ah!" said Neill, slowly; then, eagerly: "Was there, by any chance, a black devil of a Spaniard mixed up with it?"

"Not that I've heard of," Juliet told him, and waited.

"So!" Neill sighed. "Then 'tis entirely mistaken I am in all me conclusions, but I'll speak. 'Tisn't much, but 'tis interesting."

He leaned forward and began to speak to Juliet as though she alone were in the room.

II.

THE Spaniard had Eve by the shoulder. She shook under his grasp, screamed, and woke to find Juliet shaking her and saying:

"Eve! Eve! It's five and after. Will nothing make you hear me? Paul's rousing your men and getting your car out. If you hurry, you will just get into Hillsborough at eleven. Come on. Here's coffee. Drink and dress!"

Later, while Eve was dressing, Juliet plunged into further explanation:

"I've telephoned my paper to let me get on the Fairlie case because I think I can do something. I'll get Gilbert Eliot a fair hearing, anyway. Wait," as Eve made a quick movement of astonishment. "I mean to work with Andrew Dickerson, for the defense, but my paper is going to get all the first bloom of the surprises as Andy hands them out. I have nothing yet, Eve, but I think I'm on the track of something. Till I'm sure I won't breathe a syllable to Andy or anyone else."

She fastened Eve's coat for her and thrust a note in her fingers as she pulled her toward the door.

"That note's for Andy. Hurry! I'll pay the bill and send you a memorandum of how much it is. You've no time to waste. Hurry!"

WHEN Eve was safely in the car and the sleepy Sam and Joe were ready to start, Juliet suddenly darted forward, opened the door, and thrust her head in the limousine.

"Eve, tell Andrew Dickerson to delay his cross-examination all he can, until you hear from me; and, Eve, just for instance, since Mrs. Fairlie came to Willett's Bridge, has there been any admirer other than Gilbert Eliot? I don't mean general, common or garden admiration; I mean in particular."

Eve shook her head. "Gilbert's infatuation was the only one ever brought to public notice, though, of course, she bowled over more than one Willett's Bridger when she first appeared in their midst. Being Charlie's wife, however, they kept their love concealed."

"No newcomer in town recently? No foreigner?"

Again Eve shook her head, and then her dream of that morning flashed before her. "There was Doctor Charlie's man, the one who took old Sam's place," she explained. "It was after Sam and the Doctor parted, some two months before he died. He was the only foreigner about. He was a Spaniard."

"A Spaniard! Young? Good looking?"

"Young enough," Eve said, impatiently. "A little over thirty, I should say, and good looking enough in his way; but who wastes time looking at other people's chauffeurs? What difference would his looks make?"

"All the difference in the world to me," Juliet said maliciously. "I look twice at any good-looking man. Sure he was Spanish?"

"Quite sure."

Paul Sanger's arm came about Juliet's waist. He pulled her back and shut the door as Joe started the car, and they turned the corner, beginning the long journey back to Hillsborough and the courthouse.

In Hillsborough the long line of vehicles in front of the courthouse extended completely about the square and down into the side

streets. From far and near came the farmers; from Willett's Bridge and all the tiny hamlets about came the villagers; and from Hillsborough and the surrounding country came the old families. There had been murder trials before in Hillsborough, many of them. But never one like this. Here were on trial not some low-class foreigners or some poor, half-witted farm laborer, but people one knew and looked up to.

The celebrated Andrew Dickerson from his office window observed the gathering with a frown, which deepened when, toward the last, he saw the prison car, a Ford, round the corner. He snatched up his brief case and went out to meet Gilbert Eliot and walk with him up the steps. Gilbert's white, strained face turned toward him gratefully as Andrew went up to the Ford and held out his hand.

"The prison Ford seems to have suddenly gone wrong for a block or so," he explained to Andrew, indicating the officer in charge, who had left him for the moment, and stood with the driver, peering into the Ford's internal workings.

Andrew nodded. His quick eye had seen the missing bolt, and as he greeted the two men he deftly pushed it with his foot down the grating into a manhole.

"Don't bother with it now," he advised them, having made sure that if he wanted any conversation with his client after the court session he could get it without troublesome preliminaries. "If it won't go when court adjourns, I'll get you a car." The men agreed, and while their prisoner—for the driver was one of the officers in charge—walked beside Andrew Dickerson, they followed, discussing what was wrong with the machine.

THE close confinement and the strain of his first appearance in a court of law as a prisoner under a grave charge were beginning to tell on Gilbert Eliot, and every line in his finely cut, sensitive young face was deeply etched by fatigue this morning.

Looking on him, Andrew had a glimpse of what turned the women's heads in Gilbert Eliot's direction. He had an appeal. It was not entirely because Gilbert was the under-dog. It was more a matter of character and appearance. Nothing was further from the gloomy, brutal murderer, or the guilty, crafty poisoner, than Gilbert Eliot.

If there was a faint sense of dissatisfaction following Andrew's scrutiny, it was on the score of carriage rather than looks or manner. Gilbert Eliot had to face a hostile courtroom, where there were few who loved him and many who hated him exceedingly as the murderer of Doctor Fairlie. Above all, the courtroom was the place where he must sit and look at Laura Fairlie, watch the ever-changing beauty of her face, and receive in return not one single look of kindness, or even friendship. He, who had been for a short time high in favor, was now aware that, whether from policy or from instinct, his lady loathed the sight of him. Though he prayed for a sign that all this was only a pose for the sake of the curious, there came no slightest sign. No word had come to him, in prison or out, since the day of his arrest.

Andrew Dickerson, walking beside him, caught a glimpse of Mrs. Fairlie, and frowned. After Eve Hamilton had left him the night before he realized that, jealous or not, she had struck at the root of the matter. If Mrs Fairlie was to be kept before the courtroom as a pure, immaculate wife, sinned against, not sinning, the man beside him was a dead man.

As they took their places at the long table within the rail he noted, with a fresh burst of annoyance, that Eve was not yet in court.

Mrs. Fairlie was already in her place, paler and lovelier than yesterday. From the amount of consultation going on between the district attorney and his assistant, and the general air of tense excitement prevailing among the prosecution's forces, Andrew Dickerson judged that they were about to hold back all other witnesses for the time being and put their trump card, Mrs. Fairlie, on the stand.

It was a shrewd move, one that he would have adopted himself in their place; therefore his exasperation mounted. This morning, of all mornings, when he would have need of Eve Hamilton's viewpoint, her feminine intuition, why was she not in court?

As the judge entered, Andrew Dickerson saw Eve come into the courtroom and hurry to her place. Fatigue had dimmed her whole aspect; and yet the sight of her tired face was like the sudden appearance of the sun on a cloudy day to Andrew Dickerson.

Immediately the court was opened Laura Fairlie was called to the stand.

SHE came down the center aisle through the crowd, an appealingly lovely figure in black. She bowed to the judge, gave a timid glance and nod toward the jury, and was sworn in. She never looked toward Gilbert Eliot.

Gilbert stared straight in front of him, but he saw her, of that Eve Hamilton was sure, and she shivered a little; then turned to watch Andrew Dickerson narrowly. She knew that he had not expected the prosecution to finish so quickly with the testimony of the physicians regarding the inquest and the finding of poison in the body. He had, she knew, scheduled Mrs. Fairlie's appearance on the stand for tomorrow. Suppose they should end her direct testimony today, with nothing heard from Juliet—what would Andrew Dickerson do?

But you could trust him to know. He looked serene, and not by a single glance or gesture could one have told that he was anything but pleased at this turn of affairs.

Yet the testimony of the physicians, both old friends of Doctor Fairlie and both of whom had known and liked Gilbert Eliot in his student days, had gone a long way to confirm the feeling and facts against Gilbert. Andrew Dickerson had hoped for a redirect examination today; that would give him an opportunity to gain time, for that was all he could gain. He could not hope to shake the testimony. They had given it carefully and reluctantly. They had been scrupulous in avoiding anything like professional censure of his acts, and yet it was plain to be seen, and presently the district attorney was making them say it, that Gilbert's conduct had been highly surprising in a physician.

It might have been excusable in a layman who was beside himself with panic and fright at the unexpectedness of the tragedy, but for a doctor to do what Gilbert had done—refuse to allow them to have the body at the hospital, obstruct the autopsy in every possible way—was without precedent, and in their eyes inexcusable.

Andrew Dickerson had realized that a rigid cross-examination would hurt his case more than it would help him, for these men were obviously telling only such truth as they must; but they were telling the truth.

So he had contented himself with asking them whether, at the time the death of Doctor Fairlie had been announced to the hospital and the body denied them, the doctor answering the telephone had not heard, faintly but unmistakably, the hysterical cries of a woman and commented on it at the time. This admitted, he had rested his cross-examination, fully expecting his opponent to confirm certain points and so delay Mrs. Fairlie's examination.

But the wily prosecuting attorney had seen his chance to strike boldly, while the tide of public opinion was with him, and brought to the stand his chief witness.

The woman who, in the opinion of the district attorney, and almost everybody present in the courtroom, was to confirm public opinion and utterly condemn Gilbert Eliot, faced the crowd without the touch of overconfidence that would have told against her. She shrank from the blinding scrutiny of her public in just the sufficient degree. Tom Jernay, the district attorney, could hardly refrain from rubbing his hands with delight, so truly did she play her part, so perfectly.

Very simply, prompted by his careful questions, she told her story:

"My name is Laura Needham Fairlie. I married Doctor Charles Fairlie at Hartford, Connecticut, nearly a year ago, and came with him to Willett's Bridge. When I came to Willett's Bridge, Dr. Gilbert Eliot was looking after my husband's practice, and my husband afterward retained him as his assistant."

Then quickly, by careful questioning, the district attorney began building up his case against Doctor Eliot. Yes, she had liked Doctor Eliot, at first; found him agreeable. Her husband had shown him every evidence of affection and liking. The friendship had, she thought, been particularly strong at first.

"Why do you say 'at first,' Mrs. Fairlie? Did your husband's attitude toward his assistant change?"

"Yes, later I thought there was evidence of —of some strain between the two. Their relations were not as cordial as they had been."

"When did you first notice this lack of cordiality between the two men?"

MRS. FAIRLIE hesitated. The courtroom was very still.

"I—I think that after a little Doctor Fairlie thought that Doctor Eliot paid—paid too much attention to me."

"Did he say so?"

Again she hesitated. She cast a quick look at Gilbert Eliot. He was staring straight ahead of him, as though he did not hear.

"Yes, my husband several times spoke to me about Doctor Eliot's—attentions, and my reply was that as long as Doctor Eliot was retained as his assistant and constantly about the house, just so long must I be civil to him and so long would the neighbors talk."

Andrew Dickerson was on his feet, objecting strenuously to her answer as immaterial, irrelevant, and inconsequent, and pertaining to hearsay evidence only.

Counsel wrangled, the judge weighed the objections, and the courtroom sat back with a sigh. The district attorney had planted his first point well. No amount of objections would erase the impression her answer had made. They had before them, jury and people, the picture of the lovely young wife, the easy-going, older husband, and the persistent young assistant.

The objection was dismissed in part, and again the district attorney rose to make his point.

"Did you ever yourself complain to the deceased that the prisoner, Doctor Eliot, was more than ordinarily civil to you; embarrassed you by his attentions, in fact?"

Gilbert Eliot turned and looked squarely at the witness, and for a perceptible second she drew back. Then he looked quietly away,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hours making a perfect toilette

—only to let one neglected detail ruin the whole effect!

"She was stunning," said the man. "I thought I had never seen anyone more beautiful at first glimpse. Such dashing style and such good company, too! But—all wasted!"

"What happened?" asked the girl of herself. "He seemed so interested at the moment of meeting. I know I looked well and I certainly was up on my toes to entertain. Did I slip up somewhere?"

And the sad part is that the man knows, the whole world knows—but *the girl doesn't!*

That is the dangerous thing about perspiration odor—the person afflicted so seldom realizes that she gives offense.

It is a physiological condition. You see, the perspiration glands under the arm are unusually active. Heat, excitement, nervousness affect them easily.

The hollow of the underarm and clothing prevent normal evaporation of moisture. This results in a disagreeable odor which is very noticeable to those about us but is hard to detect on ourselves.

Then those horrid "half-moons" of stain under the arms! What is uglier, more unsightly? And so ruinous, too, for the most expert dry cleaning cannot blot them out.

Soap and water are not enough

Most women, and men, too, *mean* to be above reproach in personal cleanliness. And they *are*, so far as soap and water go.

But this repellent form of uncleanliness is something that cannot be washed away. The only thing that can cope with perspiration odor and moisture is a scientific corrective.

If women could only understand that the underarms must have regular, special care just the same as the teeth, the hair, the fingernails! If they could only realize that without this care they themselves are almost certain to offend in this thing they so criticise in others!

The underarm toilette of 3,000,000 people

There is one best way to do everything. 3,000,000 have found the one best and surest way to attain perfect personal daintiness is by regular use of Odorono, the underarm toilette.

Odorono is an antiseptic liquid formulated bya physician to correct both the evils of excessive perspiration. It is the *original* corrective for *both* perspiration odor and moisture.

Clear and clean, Odorono is just like a dainty toilet water to use. Put a little on the underarms just twice a week and you need bother with no other precautions! One application lasts for three whole days.

Attention to the underarms takes so little time and effort and it means so much! This one little spot can undo all you have put into achieving a perfect toilette in outward appearance.

Get into the twice-a-week Odorono habit and enjoy perfect freedom from any trace of odor; from disagreeable moisture; clothing always dry and odorless with no taint or stain to ruin it. You can get Odorono at any toilet counter anywhere; 35c, 60c and $1 a bottle or sent by mail postpaid.

Send for dainty sample set of the complete underarm toilette

I have a dainty sample set of the complete underarm toilette—Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory, I will send you this set and a helpful book of information on perspiration problems for 10c. Send coupon.

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company, 326 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian address: 107 Duke Street, Toronto

Mail coupon now for Sample Set

RUTH MILLER
326 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Address.....

(NOTE: *Sample of any one, 5c*)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

and Laura Fairlie's color returned as she said, quickly:

"No! No! I dared not! I knew how jealous Doctor Fairlie had become."

Thus, with well-planned, clever strokes, the district attorney and his witness painted another picture before the court: the persecuted young wife, afraid to anger her jealous husband, her delicate reluctance to destroy forever a friendship between two men that had been formed long before she came into their lives. The picture was painted quite to their liking, with never a hint that Laura had yielded for a moment to the pleading of the young assistant.

Despite several well-planted objections made by the watchful Andrew Dickerson, the night before Doctor Charlie's death was reached, with judge, jury, and people listening spellbound.

Eve felt a surge of excitement. Now she would know just what Laura Fairlie intended to tell, for Eve had been at Elmgrove Place, as Doctor Fairlie's house was called, that night. That Laura would tell the whole truth Eve felt was impossible. She leaned forward with all her senses strained to catch the least inflection of the lovely witness.

How does the lovely and mysterious Laura Fairlie come through the ordeal of the witness-stand? She makes some startling revelations, and Gilbert Eliot, by an unexpected decision, gives the trial a new turn in the third installment, in next week's Liberty.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

The Traffic Cop's Radio

Being a traffic cop on a cold corner last winter I wore ear muffs. A little lad came up to me and said, "Say, mister, what station are you getting, W-G-N?"—E. B., Evanston, Ill.

* * *

Here's a New One on Fish!

My small niece dislikes fish exceedingly, and one day when her mother was cooking fish for dinner, she said: "Mother, may I have a moth ball to smell of while you are cooking fish?"—S. B. C., Washington, D. C.

* * *

Well, Why Not?

My neighbor's little girl, Hazel, saw in my yard three similar aprons on the line. Running into her house, she said, "Oh, mother, look at the three aprons in excession, two just alike and one just the same."—A. T., San Francisco, Calif.

For the Limerick Winners See Page 36

Rivals the beauty of the Scarlet Tanager

Over-size Duofold Duette, $11; Duofold Jr. Duette, $8.50; Lady Duofold Duette, $8. Pens and Pencils sold separately if desired, but Satin-lined Gift Box de luxe included in sets.

Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

This June-Time Gift

Will Inspire Your Friends to Write You

For Graduation, Weddings, Sailings, Parties, Birthdays

Duofold Pen and Duofold Pencil—The New Duette: Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe included

THIS Parker Duofold Duette has won the heart of the world—balanced, symmetrical, in handsome lacquer-red, or in flashing plain black, both styles gold trimmed.

Our Lady Duofold Pen and Pencil are still of small girth to fit slim fingers. But the Duofold Jr. and "Big Brother" Duofold Pencils are now both built Over-size.

For men learned from the Duofold Pen how an Over-size Barrel affords a man-size grip that abolishes finger cramp, and relaxes hand and brain. Every Parker Duofold Pen has the super-smooth Duofold Point that's guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years' wear.

Now is the time to pick out these Duofold June Gifts at the nearest good pen counter.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY
Factory and General Offices
JANESVILLE, WIS.

Parker Duofold Duette
LUCKY CURVE
Pen has 25 Year Point
Pencil turns lead OUT and IN

Another Incident, Complete in Itself, from

TRUB'S DIARY

Picture by
ROBERT L. DICKEY

THE Airedale said, "I'm going to kill you, you white louse."

The Eternal FEMININE

By JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

JUNE 1—A terrible thing nearly happened. I nearly saw red with Ginger. It would have been the end of our friendship. It's a lucky thing the Airedale came along.

I met Ginger in the road. It was in front of my house. He said, "Hello, kid, what's on your mind?"

I said, "Rats or cats. I don't care which."

Ginger said, "It's out. I've got a date with the girl friend."

I said, "What's a girl friend?"

Ginger gave me a look. He said, "Well, I'll be a ———. Didn't you ever have a girl friend?"

I said, "Not that I remember."

Ginger began to grin. He said, "Not that you remember." He grinned some more. He said, "Listen, kid, if you ever get mixed up with a broad you'll remember. Come on, I'll let you give this one the once over."

Ginger started up the road. I went with him. We went in a yard. There was a brick house in the yard. There was a dog looking out of the window of the brick house. It was a wire-haired fox terrier like Ginger.

Ginger said, "There she is. She sees me. She'll be out in a minute."

I said, "How do you know?"

Ginger said, "How do I know? Say, this frail falls for me like porterhouse steak. She don't notice fleas when I'm around. Sit down and take a load off your feet."

Ginger sat down in the grass. I sat down in the grass. We waited. We waited a long time. Nothing happened.

I said, "Let's make it cats."

Ginger said, "Sit still. Sit still. This don't mean a thing."

I said, "I am tired of waiting."

Ginger said, "Lemme put you wise, kid. You'll do a lot of waiting at this game."

I said, "Why?"

Ginger said, "Frails always stall. No matter how cuckoo they are about you they make you wait."

I said, "What for?"

Ginger said, "Nobody knows. It's just the way they are."

I said, "What if you don't wait?"

Ginger said, "You'll wait, all right. Here she is now."

The fox terrier that had been in the window came out of the back door of the house. It was a girl fox terrier. She had a spot over one eye. She had a short, stick-up tail. She didn't seem to see us.

Ginger said, "Hello, Trix. Thought I'd drop over."

The girl fox terrier gave a little jump. She said, "Goodness, how you startled me! I didn't know you were within a mile of here"

Ginger said, "Tie that outside and touch noses with my friend, Trub Trescott. Kid, meet the red-hot mamma, Miss Trixie Warner."

Miss Trixie said, "Charmed, I'm sure, Mr. Trub." We touched noses.

I was surprised at what happened. I had the funniest feeling. It went all through me. It was a nice feeling.

I said, "Let's do it again."

Miss Trixie said, "You work fast, don't you?"

I said, "No, I'd rather do it slowly."

Miss Trixie said, "Go on, you probably say that to everyone you meet."

I said, "I never said that to anyone before—did I, Ginger?"

Ginger said, "How the hell do I know what you say? Listen, I thought you never chased a frail."

I said, "What do you mean 'chased a frail'?"

Ginger said, "I should tell you what I mean. I didn't bring you up here to shoot your line.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Save it for your own frails. Get me?"

I said, "Save what?"

Ginger said, "Now don't try to kid me. It's all right; I'm not sore, understand, but don't try to kid me."

I said, "I'm not trying to kid you. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

Miss Trixie said, "He's like that half the time. Don't let it worry you, Mr. Trub."

I said, "Never mind the Mister. Call me Trub."

Miss Trixie said, "All right, Trub, and you can call me Trix. I'll bet you can't catch me!"

I said, "Trix! Say, I like your name. I like it a lot. I'll bet I can catch you."

Trixie started around the house in a quick way. I ran after her. She ran across the lawn. She ran out in the road. She ran in circles on the road. Whenever I nearly caught her she dodged. At last she didn't dodge. I caught her. I played Wrestle-Wrestle with her, and Fun-Bite-the-Neck. I liked it. I was surprised how much I liked it.

Trixie said, "My, but you're strong. You're the strongest thing I ever saw."

I said, "I must tell you something. I would rather play with you than with anyone."

Ginger came out of the gate. He came out in the road to where we were.

Trixie said, "He's the strongest thing, Ginger. I am perfectly helpless with him."

Ginger said, "Oh, is that so?" He walked up to me. He curled back his lip. He snapped his teeth. He said, "Give yourself the air, and do it quick." He pushed me with his shoulder.

EVERYTHING began to get red. I don't know why. I noticed Ginger's neck. I noticed his throat just above his collar. I tried to look away. I couldn't. I couldn't look away from Ginger's throat just above his collar.

Trixie gave a yelp. She said, "Look out! Look out! Here comes Rowdy." She ran into the yard. Ginger ran into the yard. I was surprised.

I was more surprised right after that. Something ran into me. It knocked me down. When I got on my feet there was a dog. He was an Airedale. He was a big Airedale. His eyes were green, with red lights in them.

I heard a lady scream. She screamed, "Rowdy, Rowdy, come here, Rowdy."

The Airedale said, "I'm going to kill you, you white louse."

I didn't say anything. I can't make a sound when things turn as red as they did then. I just hear a Voice. It comes from inside of me somewhere. It says, "Hold on and shake. Hold on and shake." It keeps on saying it. I don't know why. I only know I must do what the Voice says.

I did what the Voice said after the Airedale jumped on me again. We rolled over and over. When we stopped rolling I remembered the place I had noticed above Ginger's collar. I found the same place above the Airedale's collar. Then the Voice began.

The Airedale had been making snarling noises. He stopped making snarling noises. He began to make choking noises. Very choking noises.

People came. Many people. They yelled and screamed. They kicked me. They hit me with sticks. I didn't feel it. You don't feel anything when you're listening to the Voice.

A man rode up on a thing with wheels. It made a noise like an automobile, only louder.

Another man said, "Here's a motor cop. You'll have to shoot the bulldog, officer."

THE man got off the thing with wheels. He came through the people. He stood beside me. He said, "Shoot nothin'. An' he's not a bulldog."

The other man said, "He's killing the Trent dog."

The man who had come on the thing with wheels said, "An' a damn good riddance if you ask me." He took hold of me by the shoulders. He lifted me off the ground. He said, "Now someone take hold of the big hairy mutt like I've got this pinch of dynamite. That's it. Now we'll keep a bit of a pull on them till the terrier tries for a better hold. Now—whisk! That's it. Now again. Whisk! There's your dog, Mrs. Trent—what's left of him. He jumped on the wrong one this day."

A lady took the Airedale and went away from there. Most of the other people went away from there. The man who had come on the thing with wheels didn't. He held me by the collar. He rubbed me back of the ears. He rubbed me along the back. He said, "Cool down, young fellah, it's all over." He rubbed me a long time. He rubbed me until things weren't red any more. I gave him a hand lick and a chin lick. I liked him.

Trixie came out in the road. So did Ginger.

Trixie said, "Oh, Trub, you were wonderful! Wasn't he wonderful, Ginger?"

Ginger said, "Listen, kid, if you happen to take a fancy to any frail of mine, hop to it."

I was glad things weren't red any more. I was glad to be friends with Ginger. I wonder what made him get so cross—I was very nice to his girl friend.

Another chapter of Trub's exciting life as recorded in his Diary will appear in an early issue.

THE author's notion of Florida—of course he lives in California!

A Native Son EXPLODES

Everybody to the Cyclone Cellars—
This Is California Versus Florida!

By FRANK CONDON

Pictures by J. NORMAN LYND

THIS article by Frank Condon reads like a message of condolence from California to Florida. We do not want to be responsible for starting a civil war nor even an argument between these two States, but it seems that several Native Sons took exception to an article published recently in Liberty called Overnight Millionaires of Florida. This told of the Florida real estate boom and the accompanying ballyhoo.

Several Native Sons complained that Florida was a mere child when it came to real estate booms, so in fairness we are giving the Native Sons a chance. If the results are disastrous we hold ourselves blameless. If the Florida real estaters march on the California real estaters, armed with hand grenades and bombs, we don't represent ourselves as any arbitration commission—but here is what one Native Son says about it.

SPEAKING as a Native Son who blew into Hollywood a few years ago with the other Native Sons from Jersey City, Dubuque, Cincinnati, and Wiscasset, Maine, and actuated simply by a spirit of true friendship and sympathy, I wish to announce that when these present joy-swollen inhabitants of Florida can finally disentangle themselves from the wreckage and look around we will be there with a helping hand.

When the dust settles and the Floridans begin crawling out of the ditch and picking spokes off each other, if there is anything we can do out here to ameliorate their distress, just call up Southern California Oh-Nine-One-Eight, and we will be glad to supply arnica, cotton bandages, liniment, good advice, and the address of a quiet sanitarium.

Why?

Because we Native Sons are a lot of good guys at heart, and we have been all through this boom business ourselves. We know exactly what to do when a boom bursts, and at this moment we feel toward poor old Florida like the man who has had the exploding cigar trick played upon him and is now watching a second unsuspecting yokel about to get his. We chuckle, to be sure; but we feel sorry, too.

Yes, sir, we have been through a lot of grief, we Californians, and we are experienced people. We have had our triumphs and enjoyed them, and we also have fathered a few failures; and, like everything else we do, when we have a failure we have a large, husky one. For instance, we invented, produced, and cast forth into the world the Realtor, or glorified real estate gentleman driving a sedan. It comes from two good old Spanish words—*real*, meaning royal, and *tor*, meaning bull—and it demonstrates that while we are businesslike we have a strong streak of the sardonic.

We are glad to see Florida finally emerge, after centuries, from the shadows of semi-barbarism and begin using bathtubs and socks. We Native Sons have always looked with fraternal sympathy upon the Everglade State over there on the eastern coast, hanging on desperately to the rest of the United States like a distressed appendix.

Our notion of Florida, without ever seeing it or desiring to go there, is that it consists of sand, waving palms, malaria bogs, pestilential reptiles, quagmires, fleas by day and mosquitoes by night, with two large hotels full of New York gamblers and waiters from Sixth Avenue. . . . Of course, we may be wrong.

According to our best advices out here, a civilized person can, with some degree of personal comfort, remain in Florida during January and part of February, carrying an umbrella and eating quinine against the fever. After February, we have been informed, the summer or pigeon size mosquitoes replace the winter shift, and the thermometer then rises to its normal hundred and thirty, where it remains until the following January. This is one of the things about Florida which discouraged us when we thought of her future.

There seems lately to be a deal of idle talk comparing Florida with our own California, and people tell us we would better look sharp or we'll get our nose out of joint, because, they say, Florida is coming fast and is likely to drag us at her chariot wheel. Tut! In fact, another tut, making two tuts in all!

Another thing to show you how foolish these Florida boosters are. They brag continually about their tourists, and how so many trains a day come rolling in laden with eager-eyed rustics from Michigan and upper New York. Well, we used to be that way, too, in the days of our adolescence, but now we don't mind our tourists any more than a dog worries over his fleas.

They're there, of course, pounding over the roads to the Golden State in their flivvers, coming from every State where the people can read newspapers, and when they arrive on three flat tires, with five children and part of a ham on the back seat, we don't throw them out. We give them a warm and kindly welcome and put them to work at something useful; but the notion of boasting about them never occurs to us.

Millionaires roll in on private trains. Celebrities climb out of Pullmans and begin hunting for bungalows. Capitalists swarm our way and start building office structures, and so it goes, endlessly; but it isn't necessary to boast about these facts.

Naturally, Florida envies us Californians,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

In good seasons you can plant doorknobs and get fairish results.

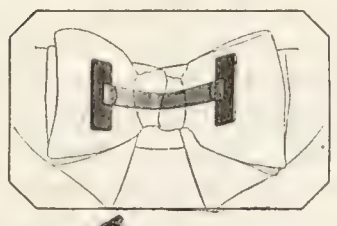
Spur Tie

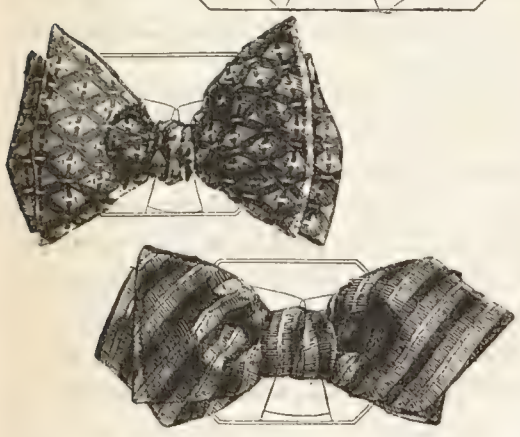
PAT. JUNE 11, '22, JAN. 29, '24. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

all tied for you

50¢ *and up*

This is the H-shaped Innerform, patented and found only in the Spur Tie.





Above, in the oval, is the Square End Spur Tie. Here are the Butterfly Bow and the French-Pointed end. Each has the patented H-shaped Innerform, which keeps the Spur Tie from curling, rolling, or wrinkling and makes it keep the shape you give it.

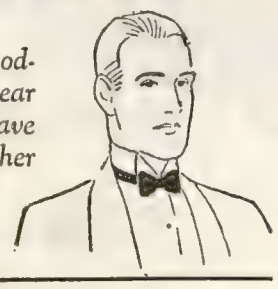
Stays put at putt or drive—golf or motor!

Sink a putt at sixty feet, or purr down the asphalt at sixty per—your Spur Tie stays put. The patented H-shaped Innerform, found only in the Spur Tie, makes it look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie. Look for Spur Ties displayed on smart shop counters, and know them by the red Spur label on the back. Write for style booklet.

Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.

Makers of Bull Dog Suspenders, Belts and Garters, and of Spur Sport Stripes for Hat Bands and Spur Safety Signals

The smart, correct, good-looking tie for dress wear is the Spur. You may have it in black or white, either at 50c or $1.



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and why wouldn't she? They now have a town down there, or over there, which they call Hollywood, and which, as I see it, is a neat little compliment. They are starting, or already have, another new town, called East Pasadena, and, without doubt, New San Diego, East Santa Barbara, and Southeast San Francisco are coming as time passes. This is gratifying to us. To be sure, they have William J. Bryan, and they have him continuously and permanently. To be sure, we had our hoof-and-mouth disease, but it was a temporary manifestation and is gone forever.

Our real estate boom, which was at its fever point some two years ago, has now simmered down to a quiet basis of steady business, and you can only make a miserable fifty per cent on your real estate money every six months instead of the usual three hundred and fifty per cent of the inflated period.

And, speaking of booms, we had a real one, extending for five hundred miles in all directions and not confined to a few towns at the end of a railroad line. Everybody made money and some of our subdivisions were so far from town it took two days in an airplane to get there.

Somebody down in Miami has been writing a series of scathing letters to a Los Angeles newspaper, claiming that the climate of Florida is far better than California climate and that we cannot, out here, grow tomatoes in Los Angeles in February.

This horrible fact is true. You cannot grow anything in Los Angeles owing to the traffic, but down the road we have a valley named Imperial, four hours in a fast car, and there you can grow tomatoes in February. You can also grow anything else known to vegetarians, and in good seasons you can plant doorknobs or window weights and get fairish results.

IT'S the ill-mannered bombast of these Florida folks that perturbs us Native Sons. A just estimate of obvious qualities is never out of place, but when they begin gasconading about their unparalleled and superperfect this and that, including their harbors, for instance, it induces weariness.

They have a harbor at Miami, as the news comes to me, and the water-borne business amounts to one staved-in fishing smack stuck on a mudbank. If anyone knows, Los Angeles harbor is now the second largest in the world, if you count oil tankers, Japanese fishermen, and tourist steamers stopping for fresh water.

Like every other true Californian, I know mighty little about Florida, yet I have eaten Florida grapefruit, and once in my life I ate a California grapefruit, or part of it. Being absolutely just and fair, I will admit that the Florida fruit tastes less offensive to me than our local product.

There is really not much in this judgment, because to me any grapefruit is not an edible and never was. Grapefruit is a repellent and terrifying vegetable which no discerning person would think of eating; and it is not even original, like an honest squash or a Michigan cabbage, for it slavishly tries to be part lemon, part pickle, and part orange, and naturally it turns out to be a miserable thing, to be deluged with sherry and sugar so that the unfortunate customer can eat it.

Investigation shows us that only two per cent of the population of California ever visited Florida, and these were visiting invalid relatives. My own contact with Florida consists of a slow steamer ride, about four miles off shore, taken in the middle of a long-gone January. . . . I left New York buried under a blizzard, and as we steamed along the Florida coast the passengers crawled out on deck and tried to sleep, gasping in the moist torridity. The fat man next to me spoke, and I remember what he said, which was:

"What a grand place it ought to be on the Fourth of July."

DURING the present year tales have come out of Florida of pop-eyed investors who bought corner lots in Miami or Clearwater and made four thousand each before they could change their shirts or get out of escrow.

This sort of thing lacks novelty, because we have been listening to such financial chatter for many years. Everybody in California, over the age of twelve, has at some time or other sold a lot for one thousand dollars. This is a standard situation. If he had kept his lot, he could now sell it for one hundred thousand. This story is always interesting for the first six hundred times, and after that you begin to know it.

True, ball players, New York social leaders, rich bootleggers and metropolitan gamblers rush Florida-ward every winter and this is all right with us. Florida is welcome to them, to have and to hold, because out here we have everything we need in vast abundance . . . In Los Angeles alone we have more automobile accidents in a day than all of Florida will have for the next nine years. Take gophers. We have hosts of gophers, and yet, as I hear it, Florida is gopherless, which very plainly proves that something is wrong, for a gopher has an amiable disposition and will live anywhere, or almost anywhere.

In spite of what envious persons say, and if you are looking for real facts, our climate is far better than that of Florida, and we have a great deal more of it, ours running completely around the calendar, and Florida's climate being, as I said, confined to a couple of winter months. We have our oranges and our tourists, both golden, and we have been known to skin them both, the same as Florida, though having come to the age of dignity, we have cut out the rough stuff and can smile tolerantly at our eastern relation in her adolescent ecstasies.

Swamps, we have none at all. We wouldn't know an everglade if it came and crawled into bed with us. Once in a long time we have a dry spell, which we will trade Florida for one of her forty-nine day deluges, or what have you?

WHEN it comes to the subject of scenery, we have the world licked and everyone admits it. This is the only State in the Union that can sell its scenery to the forty-seven other brothers at so much a look, come in your own car. The other States have their scenery, to be sure, and mild, gentle scenery it is. New England has a few little moss-covered mountains and New York up-State isn't hard upon the eyes, but California has the real pre-war horizon, and if the auto tourists who look at it each year were laid end to end they would still complain just as bitterly over the high cost of gasoline and the bandit garagemen.

In closing I wish to say that Los Angeles is now the largest city in the world, in extent, reaching for many leagues in all directions. It takes a Ford the greater part of a day and most of its fenders to cross the municipality, and in many places nothing can be seen but waving fields of alfalfa, so great is the territory included within the city limits.

In a few years more Los Angeles will probably be the largest city in the world in point of population, most of which will be composed of former Iowa voters who sold out on a rising market.

Up-State, we have a town called San Francisco, and a nice little place it is, with street cars and a great many other evidences of civilization.

What we thoroughly regret to see is the lamentable inclination of Florida to indulge in vaporous magniloquence, or as you might say, tall talk bordering upon teratology. We deplore this tendency to vainglorious swaggering and we warn our sister State against the chill day of reckoning. Any State has an undisputed right to grow rapidly, but it should do so modestly and without yelling its head off, as I have tried to show.

When the boom down there eventually explodes, we will be standing with the right hand of friendship extended, ready to take up a collection and send the widows and orphans back to Saginaw, Michigan. Probably then, and then only, will Florida appreciate what a nice people we Native Sons really are.

THE END

Try this with CALUMET

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAKING POWDER

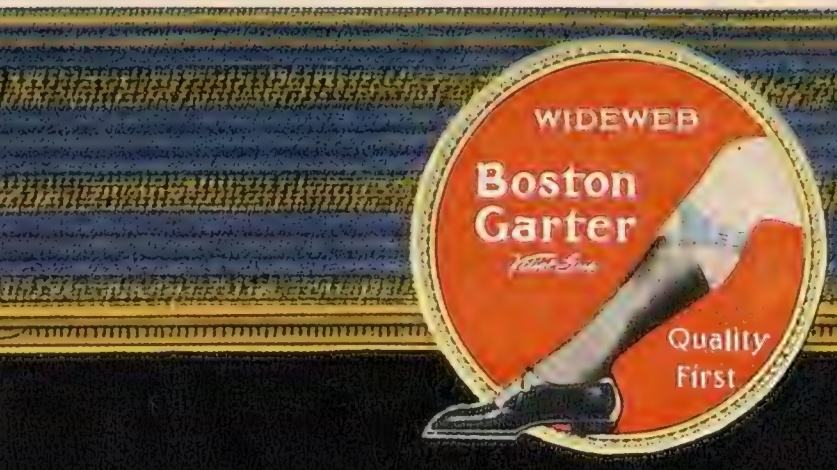
Recipe –

4 cups flour
4 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
1 level teaspoon salt
4 level tablespoons shortening
1½ cups milk
2 eggs

Sift dry ingredients together four times. Mix in shortening with tips of fingers. Combine eggs with milk and proceed as for making biscuits, adding liquid to the dry ingredients. Mix with a knife. Roll or pat dough into two round pieces. Bake in two round cake tins fifteen to twenty minutes in a hot oven 450°F. Brush top with butter. Put the sweetened berries and juice between the layers and on top of the short cake. Serve with whipped cream, if desired. If sweetened shortcake dough is preferred add 2 tablespoons sugar to the dry ingredients.

Every Ingredient Used Officially Approved by U.S. Food Authorities

SALES 2½ TIMES THOSE OF ANY OTHER BRAND



Boston Garter

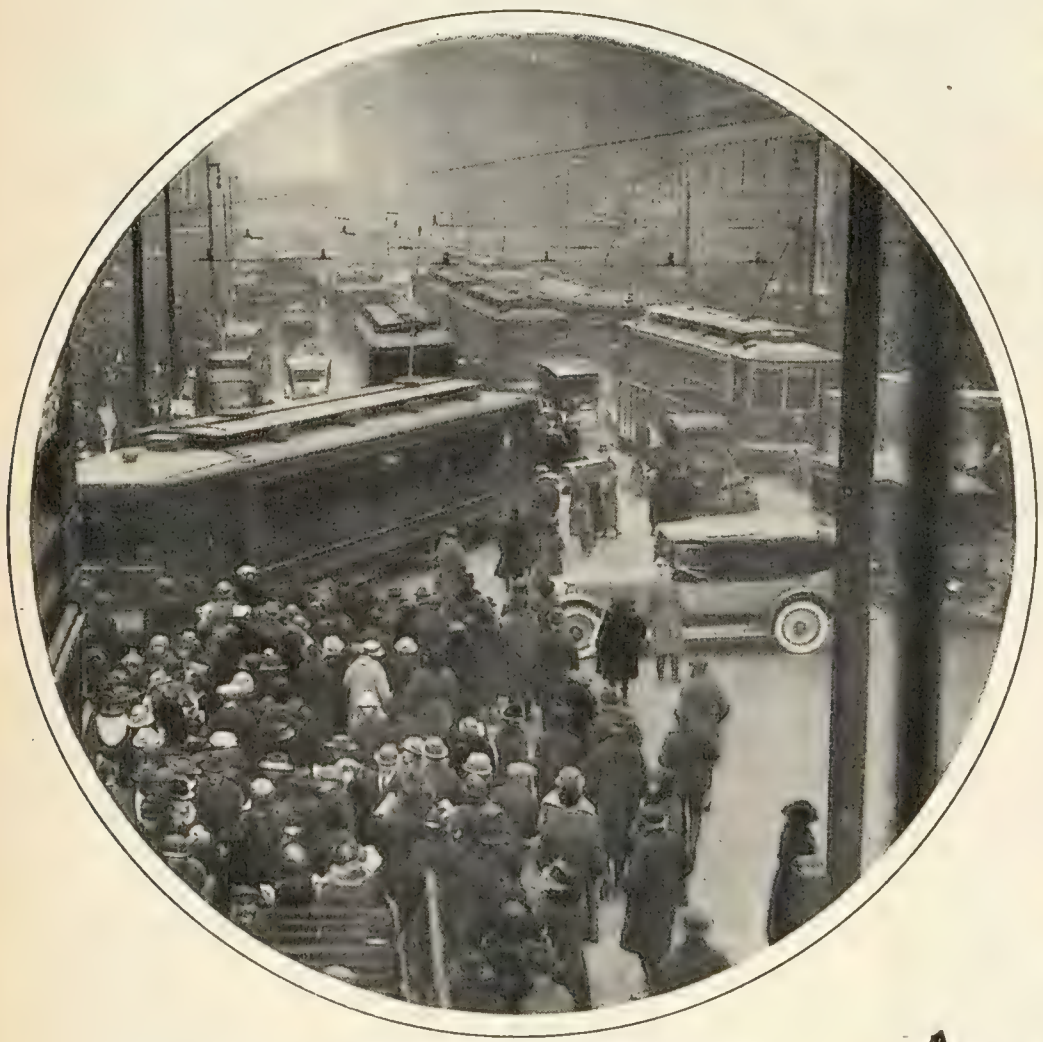
"The Pad without a Pucker" has no metal on it

MULTIPLY the colors and styles of fabrics shown here by as many more ~ note the comfort-making construction, the only adjustable garter with wrinkle-proof pad ~ observe the Oblong All Rubber Button, it prevents slipping or stocking tears ~ think of the variety to choose from, wide web, narrow web, single or double grip, and you know why Boston's leadership is supreme.

HOW DID YOUR GARTERS LOOK THIS MORNING?

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON. ALSO MAKERS OF VELVET GRIP HOSE SUPPORTERS FOR WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN

WILL THE CITIES REVOLT ?



Crowded State Street in Chicago. Owing to uneven representation, every Illinois farmer outvotes two of these city dwellers in matters of State law.

Detroit News Photo

Every Michigan farmer's vote outweighs that of three of the urbanites shown here in Woodward Avenue, Detroit, in electing State Representatives.

By

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

A Revelation of a Strange Development in American Politics Which Threatens Sinister Consequences

IN two previous articles the author has shown that in most States, although the proportion of city to country population has altered greatly in recent decades, there has been no corresponding change in the allotment of seats in the State Legislatures. More than this, many States limit the representation of their larger cities by constitutional provisions of various sorts, and in others the rural majorities maintain their positions by refusing the redistricting prescribed by their State constitutions. Since these processes are slowly but surely disfranchising city dwellers in State affairs, the cities are becoming more and more bitter—and since this bitterness has driven various American cities to armed rebellion in the past, it may well do so, Mr. Henning points out, in the future. This article continues his analysis of this menacing development in American political institutions.

IN SOME States disproportionate power in legislation is secured to the rural districts by the express provision of the constitution limiting the representation of cities.

In others where population is the constitutional basis of representation the dominant rural power prevents the cities from obtaining the increased representation (to which increased population entitles them) by refusing a reapportionment of Legislators—in defiance of the mandatory provision of the constitution.

In vain do the cities inveigh against the injustice of the majority of the population being limited to a minority in the representation at the State capital. Calmly do the village fathers bid each other stand fast for the ancient order, devised, they say, by a far-seeing statesmanship to protect the dwellers of farm and village from paying the piper for the tunes to which the abandoned city folk dance.

"Hold the fort for prohibition!" adjure the rural drys, captained by the leaders of the prohibition organizations. "Allow the cities larger representation and you will open the way for repeal of State prohibition enforcement acts, if not the repeal or modification of the eighteenth amendment, eventually."

In many States the Anti-Saloon League is a potent influence in the Legislature. It takes an active part in primaries and elections. In rural regions its candidates generally are nominated and elected; and the voice of the organization, the cities charge, becomes the voice of the rural majority in the Legislature on matters in which it is interested.

The "wets" frequently accuse the League of dictating the choice of the speaker of the Assembly, and they now charge the dry organization with obstructing any measures which would increase the representation of the "wet" cities or decrease the representation of the "dry" countryside. The League retorts with a denial of the truth of these accusations and a challenge to submit proof.

Detroit is an interesting example of the rural subjection of cities. The Michigan metropolis possesses about one-third of the population of the State, but is held down to five of the thirty-two seats in the Senate and fourteen of the one hundred members of the House. A disproportionate voice in the Legislature is secured to ruraldom in Michigan by a provision of the State constitution which allows a county to elect a representative, although it may have only half the population usually required. The urban outcry has been long and loud. Whereas the cities of Michigan have sixty per cent of the population, they have only forty-five per cent of the seats in the Legislature.

Reapportionment is mandatory decennially under the Michigan constitution, but there has been none for twenty-two years, the dominant rural bloc having steadfastly refused one—because of the increased urban and decreased country representation that would result.

With only a pitiful handful of votes in the Legislature, Detroit stands a far better chance of obtaining measures of relief by popular vote and is beginning to resort more and more to the initiative and referendum. The rural in-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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habitants of Michigan are convinced that Detroit and other large cities would exercise a malign influence on the government of the State—and on public and private morals—if once allowed the whip hand; and the restriction of urban representation, therefore, is accounted justifiable.

The same view prevails in rural Illinois with respect to the city of Chicago. In Illinois the constitution makes population the basis of representation in both the Senate and House of the Assembly. It contains no limitation on the representation of large cities.

More than half of the inhabitants of Illinois live in Chicago, but of the fifty-one State Senators Chicago has only nineteen, and of the one hundred and fifty-three Assemblymen only fifty-seven—a trifle more than one-third of each chamber. When this apportionment was made Chicago had a trifle more than one-third of the population of the State. But that apportionment was effected twenty-five years ago.

Urban populations have been increasing and rural populations decreasing in Illinois, as in most other States. A reapportionment in Illinois would give Chicago and other of the larger cities of the State more Legislators and the rural districts fewer. The Illinois constitution directs a reapportionment every ten years on the basis of the latest census.

Despite this mandatory provision of the basic law of the commonwealth, rural Illinois, now dominating both houses of the Legislature, has refused a reapportionment for nearly a generation, in order to prevent Chicago from gaining the majority of the Senators and Representatives to which it is entitled.

Chicago "wets" are convinced (correctly or otherwise) that had the city possessed its rightful representation in the Legislature the eighteenth amendment never would have been ratified by Illinois. In support of their claims that this ratification misrepresented the sentiment of Illinois, the "wets" point to their four to one victory two years ago in the referendum on a beer and light wine proposition. The "drys" retort that they deliberately ignored this referendum, refraining from voting therein by advice of the Anti-Saloon League.

Recently an attempt was made in Illinois to adopt a new constitution. But such was the power of the rurality in the constitutional convention that there was incorporated in the proposed new charter an express restriction of the representation of Chicago, in both chambers of the Legislature, to a minority of the members. The proposed constitution was rejected in the referendum, Chicago voting against it—largely because of the disfranchisement—although the new charter would have been a great boon to the city in liberalizing restrictions on municipal financing.

Baltimore is arbitrarily limited to four Senators and twenty-four Representatives, regardless of population, notwithstanding that the remainder of Maryland's counties are allowed an increasing number of Legislators as their population increases. As a result of this discrimination Baltimore, with more than half the population of the State, has a little more than one-fourth of the representation in the Legislature.

The State Capitol at Springfield, where every meeting of the Illinois Legislature witnesses growing bitterness over the question of redistricting the State to give Chicago greater representation.

About two-fifths of the inhabitants of California live in San Francisco and Los Angeles. In the latest apportionment these cities were allowed fifteen of the forty State Senators and twenty-eight of the eighty Representatives.

THE apportionment was accomplished only after a long-drawn-out struggle between the cities, which controlled the Senate, and the rural districts, which dominated the lower house. The latter body sought, from the start, to establish an arbitrary restriction of the representation of the three populous counties—San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Alameda.

At the opening of the 1911 session of the Legislature forty-one of the rural members of the Assembly met in caucus and entered into a compact not to approve any measure giving these three counties more than seventeen Senators and thirty-four Assemblymen.

The Assembly eventually passed a bill providing such an apportionment. The Senate amended the bill to give the three counties in question nineteen Senators and thirty-eight Representatives; and finally a law was enacted, based on a compromise, which allowed the three counties nineteen Senators and thirty-six Representatives. Thus the three populous counties have a little more than half the population of the State and a little less than half the Senators and Assemblymen.

Consideration of the State of Washington suggests that the popularity of the initiative and referendum in many commonwealths during the last two decades, has not been fully accounted for, unless there be included the resistance of populous centers to rustic domination in our Legislatures.

With city representation limited, the value of the urban resident's vote in influence on legislation is one-fifth, or perhaps one-tenth, that of the rural citizen's. But in the referendum the respective values are equalized: one person, one vote. Hence, laws passed by the Legislature, in which ruraldom predominates, are rejected in a referendum, in which city votes predominate.

In Washington the cities have been prevented from gaining the majority to which population entitles them by refusal of the rural majority to reapportion the State—in defiance of the constitution. There has been no apportionment for twenty-four years.

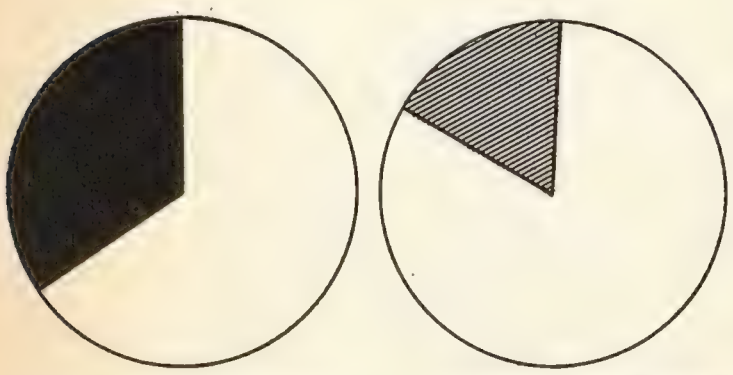
Reapportionment in 1911 was defeated by the "Cow County Combine," organized by rural members to prevent any reduction in rural representation.

King County, which contains Seattle, cast one hundred and ten thousand votes in the last election. It has seventeen members of the Assembly, one for each six thousand four hundred and seventy votes, while Jefferson County, with less than seventeen hundred votes, has two members; Wahkiakum County, with less than eight hundred votes, one member; and Skamania County, with less than one thousand votes, one member.

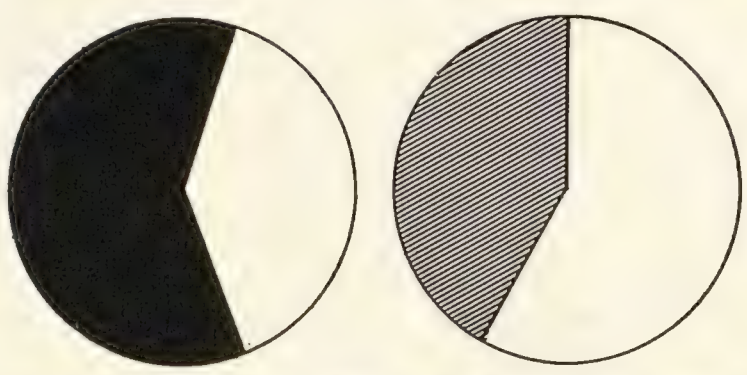
One district in Seattle with more than one hundred thousand population has only two members, the same number as represent the sparse population of Jefferson County.

Pleas of Seattle and Spokane for legislation to permit various municipal undertakings have frequently fallen on deaf ears in the "cow county" controlled Legislature. Frequently, also, the dominant rural majority has passed laws which the cities deemed inimical to their interests. The populous centers were able to achieve majority rule only by recourse to the initiative and referendum. In thirteen out of fourteen of these appeals to the electorate, laws dictated by the rural majority in the Legislature have been nullified.

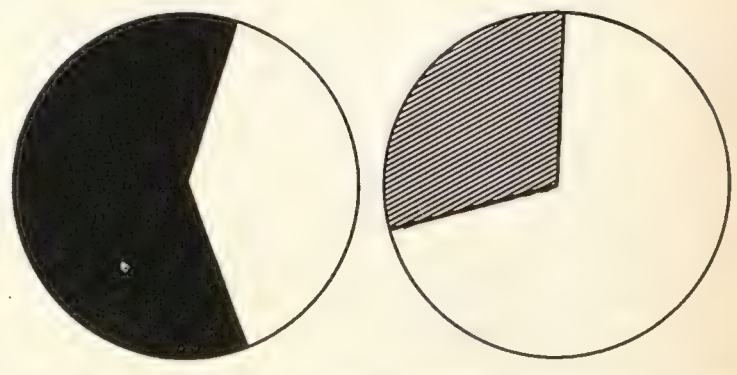
In the next and concluding article of this series, Mr. Henning will point out an alternative to "the revolt of the cities"—a plan which is already in practice in one State, and promises to solve the problem to the satisfaction of rural and urban communities alike.



Detroit, with one-third of Michigan's population (shown in black), has only one-sixth of the representation in the Legislature (shaded diagram).



Although Chicago has more than one-half the population of Illinois (shown in black), it elects roughly one-third of the Legislators (shaded diagram).



Baltimore's majority of the Maryland population (diagram in black) is meagerly represented by a little more than one-fourth of the Legislature (shaded diagram).

The Strawberry *and* Its Uses

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Strawberry ice cream cake solves the problem of the one-course afternoon tea delightfully.

EXCEPT for the few of us who are affected disagreeably by the strawberry, it is a time-honored favorite, perhaps the most favored of all the berry family. Strawberries with their deliciously tart flavor make an ideal dessert. Large strawberries served simply, with the hulls attached, and arranged in a circle about a central cone of powdered sugar, make a most luscious and tempting light dessert to follow a substantial meal. Served with a light cream, they may well follow a light meat or cold meat menu. Served with whipped cream and ice cream, they make almost a meal in themselves.

Strawberry ice cream cake solves the problem of the one-course afternoon tea delightfully. Here we have ice cream, fruit, and cake combined in the one service, which is attractive, filling, and satisfying. Nor is it hard to prepare, for it is nothing more than a combination of a plain white layer cake, ice cream, and crushed berries. Accompanied with Orange Pekoe tea, either iced or hot, this cake provides an afternoon tea menu far from humdrum. Serve this at your next party *a la* tea wagon. The guests will pronounce it a huge success.

Piping on whipped cream with a pastry tube makes strawberry shortcake doubly attractive.

Strawberry Ice Cream Cake

FIRST RECIPE:	SECOND RECIPE:
2 cups flour, pastry	2 cups flour, pastry
2 teaspoons baking powder	3½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt	½ teaspoon salt
4 egg whites	2 egg whites
1 cup sugar	1 cup sugar
⅔ cup milk	1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla	1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup fat	¼ cup fat

CREAM the butter with a spatula or spoon. Gradually work in the sugar and beat until smooth and creamy. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Add alternately a little of the dry ingredients and the milk, beating smooth after each addition. When the flour and milk have been added, beat two or three minutes. Carefully fold in the stiffly beaten whites and flavoring. Pour into layer cake tins and bake in a moderate oven (385° F.) about fifteen minutes. When the cake is browned, shrunken from the edge of the tin, and springs back into place when lightly tapped in the center, remove it from the tins and cool on a rack. Store in a tightly covered metal container until ready to serve. Then spread one layer of the cake with ice cream (one pint to one quart); cover this with sweetened, crushed strawberries (three-fourths pint), set the top layer in place, top with sweetened whipped cream (two cups whipped cream, one tablespoon sugar, one-fourth teaspoon vanilla), and garnish with whole berries (one-fourth pint). Serve at once, slicing as you would for any cake service. If desired, the ice cream may be omitted, thus producing strawberry cake.

STRAWBERRY SALAD may be made by combining with cream cheese (one-half cup cream cheese, one cup strawberries, and one-fourth cup whipped cream), shaping the mixture into a loaf, chilling, slicing, and serving on lettuce.

Strawberry Shortcake

2 cups flour, pastry preferred	½ teaspoon salt (use 1 teaspoon if shortening used is unsalted)
4 teaspoons baking powder	4 to 6 tablespoons shortening
⅔ cup milk	

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Cut the fat in by stroking the mixture with two knives or—if done deftly—with a fork, using a stirring or circular motion rather than pressing. Continue until the fat is in balls about as fine as corn meal. Lightly mix in the milk with a knife or fork until the dough is stiff enough to be patted out on a board. Roll out gently, or pat to one-half inch thickness on a lightly floured board. Cut into biscuits if individual service is desired. Place on a slightly oiled baking sheet. Butter the top of each biscuit and place a second biscuit on top. If there should be any clinging particles of flour, moisten with milk. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for twelve to fifteen minutes. Open while warm, butter each layer, top with sweetened crushed berries (one quart berries, one cup confectioners' sugar, one-quarter cup orange juice) and top with cream or whipped cream, and whole berries. Serve warm.

Strawberry Pie

1 cup flour	1 teaspoon salt
¾ teaspoon baking powder, for amateur use	4 to 8 tablespoons lard
	4 tablespoons ice water

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Cut or work in the fat, as for shortcake. Lightly mix in enough ice water to form a dough. Stir and handle as little as possible. Chill thoroughly and roll out one crust at a time, to one-eighth inch thickness. Place the lower crust in the pie pan, working the dough from the center out, to remove any air bubbles. Place the berries in a colander and wash by dipping in and out of boiling water instantly, then quickly into cold water. Rinse up and down for some time to wash off all sand particles. Rinse again in fresh water. Mix one-half to three-fourths cup to one cup of sugar (depending upon the tartness of the berries) with three tablespoons flour. When this mixture is thoroughly blended, scatter one-half of it over the lower crust. Add the drained berries, and cover with the remainder of the sugar and flour mixture. Dampen the rim of the lower crust and place the top crust, which has been pricked to permit the escape of steam, in position, and press the rims of the two crusts firmly together. Trim the edges and flute or crinkle it, as desired. Bind a strip of moistened cheesecloth, cut one inch wide, around the rim. (This prevents the juice from escaping during the baking process.) Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) until well browned, about twenty-five minutes. If at this time the berries are not softened, reduce the temperature to a slow oven (275° F.) and bake until the berries are tender, remembering however, that the tendency is to overcook the fruit, producing a darkened, "stewedlike" product and losing more or less the delicious fresh flavor. Remove the cloth binding from the rim while the pie is hot. Serve warm or cold.

Open Strawberry Pie

(Uncooked Berries—One Crust)

½ cup flour	½ teaspoon baking powder, for amateur use
½ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons ice water
2 to 4 tablespoons lard	

MIX the crust as for two-crust pie, baking the rolled out, pricked dough on an inverted pie pan in a hot oven (500° F.) for five to ten minutes, or until delicately browned. When ready to serve, fill the shell with berries, top with whipped cream or meringue. In the latter case it must be browned in a slow oven (275° F.). The berries may be left whole and mixed with powdered sugar and whipped cream (one quart berries, one cup confectioners' sugar, one cup whipped cream) just before using.

Ending his days in peace—how the Old Lion looked in his last years on his beloved Donlee-Ross Farm near Boston.

© Collier's Weekly

Charles Dana Gibson's famous picture, The Champion.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN

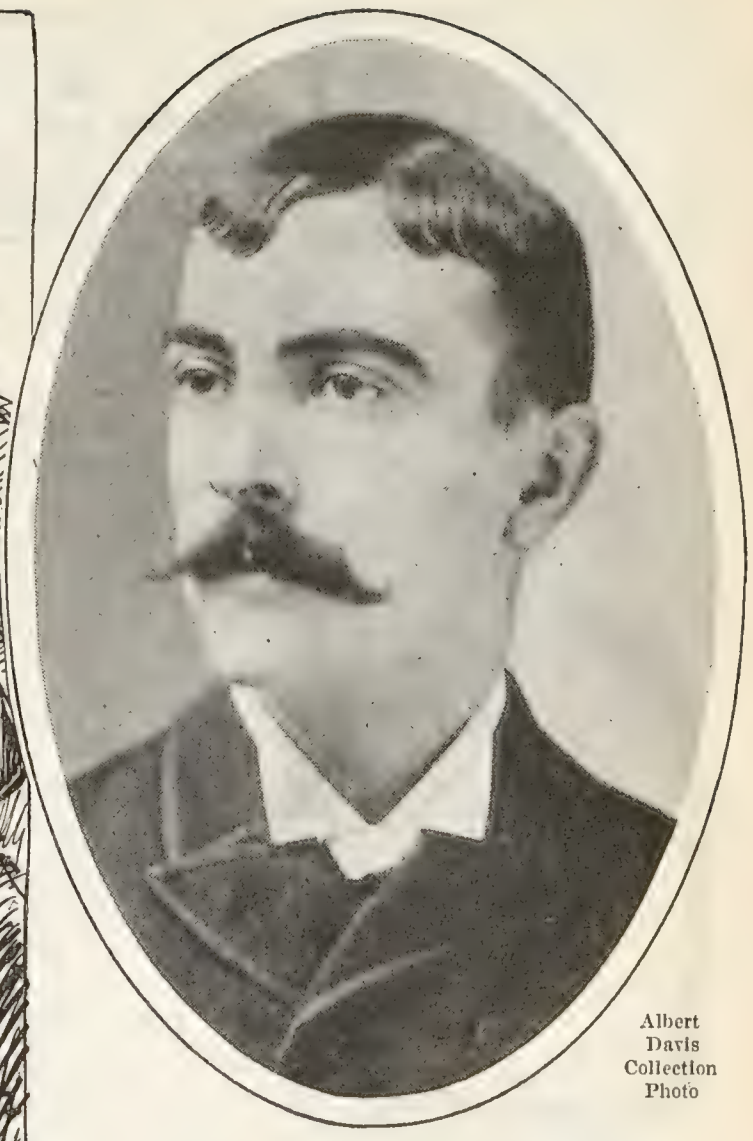
THIS intimate life story of fistiana's most picturesque figure is based upon the personal reminiscences of Mr. Dorney, prepared in collaboration with Sid Sutherland, noted sports writer. Previous installments told of John L.'s boyhood in Roxbury, Massachusetts, and of his rapid rise to public notice through his whirlwind knockouts in amateur and minor professional bouts; how he won the world's championship in 1882 from Paddy Ryan; how for ten years he ruled the world of fisticuffs, knocking out practically every contender, and filling in the time between bouts with theatrical tours and Gargantuan drinking bouts; how in pique he married Annie Bates when his boyhood sweetheart, Katie Harkins, refused him, and how he then parted company with his wife; how Corbett knocked him out in 1892; how he went "down and out" through drink, earning a precarious living through vaudeville engagements; how in 1905 he took the pledge, rehabilitated himself financially, divorced Annie Bates Sullivan, whom he had not seen for years, and in 1908 married Katie Harkins; and how he reported the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno in 1910.

FOLLOWING the defeat of Jeffries by Jack Johnson, Sullivan and his wife purchased a little farm at West Abington, about twenty miles south of Boston. They called it Donlee-Ross Farm, an abbreviation of the names of three places in Ireland—Don, from Donegal, where Sullivan's wife was born; lee from Tralee, the birthplace of his father, and Ross, from Roscommon, whence his mother came.

There the old warrior lived happily with his wife for four years, raising fruit, vegetables and chickens, and keeping open house for his countless friends. Frank Hall, Sullivan's theatrical partner for years, and the ex-champion made several profitable trips, but he was impatient to return to Donlee-Ross, and in the spring of 1913 he told Katie he would never leave again. Early in 1914, however, a Canadian lecture bureau offered him seventy-five per cent of the gross receipts to deliver a series of talks in Nova Scotia and the other maritime provinces.

At that time I was a reporter on the Newark (New Jersey) *News*, and John wrote me, asking me to travel with him and look after his interests. I was happy to rejoin him.

Sullivan's world-wide popularity never was so evident as on this trip. Gray-bearded fishermen and aged miners and business men and little boys followed him through the streets, crowded his lecture halls, massed about him in



Albert Davis Collection Photo

An unusual photograph of John L. Sullivan, taken in 1880, showing him as a slim young man.

The Curtain Falls

FINAL INSTALLMENT OF THE LIFE STORY OF

"The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

By JOE DORNEY Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years, and SID SUTHERLAND

hotel lobbies, and listened with open mouths to all he had to say.

Sullivan and I were in a little town on Cape Breton Island when the world staggered under the impact of the Mailed Fist. The Canadian whelp rushed immediately to the side of the British lion, and the people began to lose interest in lectures. We decided to return to the States.

I've always been glad I talked to John L. about the history of the ring on the train coming back. Boxers are notoriously poor judges of their fellows in the craft, because they cannot dissociate personalities from the topic, but any opinion of other prize fighters held by Sullivan must be interesting, whether correct in appraisal or not.

"What do you think of the pugilists you have known in your time?" I inquired.

"Gans was the greatest all 'round fighter the world ever saw," he replied. "He had everything. There'll probably never be another like him. Griffo was the most phenomenal boxer of them all. Walcott was a freak whose feats have never been duplicated—five feet tall and weighing one hundred and forty pounds, his favorite meat was the big fellows!

"As to the heavyweights, always the most popular class with the public, I can only say that as long as I had to be knocked out I'm glad it was Corbett who beat me. If I deserve any credit for rescuing the game from the rotten elements that controlled it when I began, Corbett deserves all the credit for lifting it still higher than I was able to. He brought in ring generalship, clean living, and marvelous boxing skill, and he gave the game a 'tone' it needed to make it more widely popular.

"BUT he was never in the class of old Bob Fitzsimmons as a fighter. Fitz was the miracle of the ring, winning three titles by knockouts and holding them against the best the game could produce.

"Jeffries was just a big box car, so big and strong that he ran over his opponents, although he was never able to stop little Sharkey, while Fitz did it twice without any trouble. He was never popular because he didn't like the people and had no outstanding ability. You can't give him much for whipping old Fitz, who was thirteen years older and fifty pounds lighter.

"Burns was a joke. I've had many sparring partners who could have slapped him down without any trouble.

"Jack Johnson is a disgrace to the great game, but he's a shifty defensive boxer, always a sign of the yellow. Fitz would have penetrated that defense, however, and knocked him over. Jack never whipped a good man, and Peter Jackson would have murdered him. I wish Corbett or I could knock thirty-five years off and get Johnson in the ring.

"As for myself, I was a very strong man. They still say I could hit harder than any fighter that ever lived, and I loved to battle. If I was able to hold the title for nearly eleven years against a pretty rough crowd while I was drinking as I did, what might I

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist.

How 'Bull' Durham Got Its Name

Tobacco was discovered by the American Indians, It was taken away from them by the Whites, So it must be some good, Being a Cherokke Indian by blood myself, (born and raised near Claremore, Indian Territory, the best city west of the Alleghanies) I know the Whites never took anything away from the Indians that wasn't some good, Sir Walter Raleigh, who was the sheik of his time, Come over here got a lot of Tobacco and rushed back to England for a personal appearance Tour, The Queen (I dont remember who she was, if you like detail look it up and see who she was) started to step out of her Carriage and it was muddy, Sir Walter Raleigh took off his Coat layed it down and she stepped on it, She thanked him, gave him the address of a cleaners, and he then gave her some Tobacco and said "I admire you" She said "Oh, you are such a gallant man, what is the name of this Tobacco you gave me", And Sir Walter Raleigh said "Why it is 'BULL' DURHAM". That's, how 'Bull' Durham got its name, And the Indians lost not only their Country, but their Tobacco,

Will Rogers

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—'Bull' Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED
111 Fifth Avenue, New York City

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

have done if I had behaved myself? Still I guess it was fate for a Corbett to come along and brush a Sullivan out of the way so the game could go on. That's the important thing—that the game go on."

We reached Boston and parted—for the last time, it turned out.

Less than two years later, in May, 1916, his greatest sorrow came to Sullivan. In spite of the best physicians in Boston, Katie, suffering from a cancer, stepped to the brink of the grave. At the end he sat beside her bed, holding her hand and gazing helplessly at her thin face.

"John," she whispered," I—I—I want something."

"What is it, mother?" he asked.

"I want to—to see a priest."

They looked at each other a long time. Then John arose, got his hat, and went out into the dark. Presently he returned with the pastor of St. Bridget's church in Abington. The clergyman stood beside the bed.

"Daughter," he said, after a long pause, "I can give you the last holy rites—but only on one condition."

"Yes, Father?" Katie said faintly.

"If it should be willed that you recover and regain your health you must—you must leave John while Annie Bates Sullivan lives."

THE room was very still as the priest walked to the window and looked out into the night. John fell to his knees and buried his face at Katie's side.

"Oh, Katie, Katie," he sobbed. "You waited thirty-two years, and now—and now—— We've only had six short years to try and make up for the long wait. And we've been so happy.

"But, Katie," he raised his tear-wet face, "if we have to—we can wait a little longer. Even though I was to blame for everything, we can't always be cheated. I'll give you up, if I have to. Something is bound to happen to bring us together again. You must have the sacrament, and if you get well I'll—I'll step out of your life until something happens."

He turned to the priest. Nodding his head in pity and understanding, the latter pressed John's hand and went to the bed.

And when he had finished with the last administrations Katie smiled, and John knelt beside her, and she died.

The farm was lonely after that, and the months dragged by until March 8, 1917, when John's first wife, Annie Bates Sullivan, closed her eyes for the last time. This automatically restored John to his church, and thereafter he devoted much of his time to parish work and charities.

Then America went into the war, and the old fighter spoke at hun-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Scene from "Judgment of the Storm," one of the ten best photoplays of 1924

We paid $1000 for this photoplay

MRS. ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON, a Pittsburgh housewife, had never had a single story accepted for publication when she began to write "Judgment of the Storm."

She wrote this photoplay at home in spare time under the direction of the Palmer Institute of Authorship, and we found it of such outstanding merit that we produced it through our affiliated producing organization, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Mrs. Middleton received $1000 cash and will share in the profits of the picture for five years. Her story has also been published as a novel by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Unknown writer wins $10,000 prize

Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the $10,000 prize in the scenario contest conducted by the *Chicago Daily News* in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of $1000 in the same contest, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

Well-known writers help you

The success of Palmer students is due simply and solely to the fact that you study right at home in spare time under the personal direction of men and women who are themselves well-known authors, dramatists and motion picture writers.

You learn to write by writing. You are given the manuscript and continuity of famous motion picture scenarios to analyze and study. You write actual stories and photoplays which we help you to sell through our Story Sales Department in Hollywood, with representatives in New York and Chicago.

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The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it accepts only a limited number of students for its home-study courses and seeks only those who have natural creative ability and can profit by its instruction.

To enable you to find out quickly if you possess this ability, the Palmer Institute will gladly send you its Creative Test—the most novel means ever devised for discovering latent writing talent. Our Bureau of Vocational Analysis will study your replies to this test and give you a frank analysis of your abilities. The filling out of this Creative Test, and our analysis and subsequent training, have enabled scores of Palmer students to sell stories and photoplays. Just mail the coupon and we'll send this Creative Test to you free.

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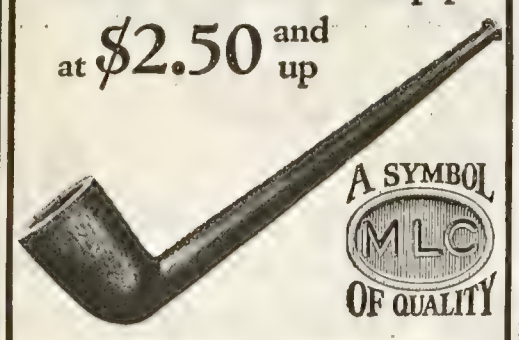

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There's a NUVO at a price to fit every purse, from 50c and up. Each with the famous Linkman "built-in" aluminum stem re-enforcement.

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The *Underslung* Pipe
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Pathfinders in Pipedom
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It won't break if it's a NUVO

His Salary Now Four Times as Big!

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"At the time of my enrollment for LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy," writes E. B. Risberg, "I was working in the blacksmith shop of the La Cross Well Drill Works—ten hours a day and six days a week. Since that time—and in a period of about four years—I have advanced from an initial position as stock clerk with the Milwaukee branch of a big packing company to my present excellent position with the largest elevator manufacturer in America. Today my salary is more than 400% greater than at the time of my enrollment."

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I would welcome information about your *salary-doubling plan* as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below. Send also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

dreds of Liberty Loan meetings and other drives to further his country's cause.

John L. died February 2, 1918. Only George Bush, an old friend who had been a guest for months, and William Kelly, a young relative of Katie's whom he had adopted, were at Donlee-Ross when the old fighter passed out.

Sullivan had remained up the night before until midnight, inventing a new game of solitaire, his hobby. He arose about eight o'clock that Saturday morning. After breakfast he went to his room, and a few moments later Bush heard Sullivan fall to the floor. He ran in and found John trying to reach the bed. He helped him there, and said he would call a doctor.

"Never mind," Sullivan groaned. "I'll be all right in a few minutes. Funny; that was the first attack I ever had in my life, George."

He lay quietly, resting for about an hour. At eleven o'clock a second attack came, and Bush worked frantically, sponging his head and face with cold water. Kelly, meanwhile, had gone for a doctor. When the latter arrived he found Sullivan sitting on the edge of the bed, his face in his hands, complaining of a terrific pain in his heart. The physician ordered him to undress and go to bed.

"And then," Bush relates, "I don't know just what happened. He closed his eyes, mumbled something I could not understand, and just slipped away, so quietly I didn't realize for a moment that he was dead."

THEY took his body to the home of his sister, Mrs. James Lennon on Brooks Avenue, in Roxbury. Presently a flood of telegrams from all parts of the world, from former President Roosevelt to the humblest laborer, poured in on the Lennon home. The house could not contain the wreaths, and the street was crowded for four days with silent throngs. All walks of life were represented in the endless stream of mourners that shuffled slowly past his open casket.

"Look, Jimmy," a little boy whispered to his companion. "See, he ain't in fighting trunks like my papa saw him scrap so many times."

"'Scuse me, Mis' Lennon," said an old darky, fumbling at his hat. "Maybe you all think it's funny for an ol' colored man to come to John's wake. But—but I was a great fren' of George Dixon, and when Little Choc'late died John paid for a grave for him, so's he wouldn't go to the paupers' field. I cert'nly did love John L. for that, Mis' Lennon."

All the old fighters who could get there were at the funeral, which took place in St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church on February

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Fine, durable fabric. Real fit. Careful tailoring. Pearl buttons. Staunch buttonholes. One Dollar!

One Dollar

Even in the "good old days" one dollar never bought athletic underwear like Topkis.

To make Topkis the one union suit that men would insist on getting, meant putting into it quality and fit unheard-of for one dollar.

We figured such a union suit would have an astonishing sale. We were right.

Men jumped at the chance of getting Topkis quality in fabric and workmanship for a dollar. The millions of union suits sold by Topkis dealers soon justified the absurdly low price.

That is why you can buy Topkis today from your dealer for only one dollar.

Men's Union Suits, $1.00; Shirts and Drawers, 75c each. Boys' Union, Girls' Bloomer Union and Children's Waist Union Suits, 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.

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TOPKIS
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Hopes mature . . . . *through coupons*

The coupons of high-grade bonds in your strong box are realities that make hope chest dreams come true. Maturing hopes are realized with the aid of maturing bonds. Through any one of our offices in 50 leading cities we can help you plan a wise investment program, strengthened by the well-secured bonds we recommend.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY

National City Bank Building, New York

BONDS SHORT TERM NOTES ACCEPTANCES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

6. Others in the strenuous profession sent flowers. Although the mercury dropped to sixteen degrees below that Wednesday, immense crowds went to the church and followed the funeral cars to Calvary Cemetery. The pallbearers for the great casket were Mayor James A. Curley of Boston, United States Marshal John Mitchell, Captain of Police James P. Sullivan, District Fire Chief Gaffney, C. W. Rowley, John Mahoney, William Hogarty, Councillor D. J. McDonald, Edward M. Cullen, and H. F. Blackwell. The ushers were Jake Kilrain, Jack Sheehan, "Yank" Sullivan, and Gerald Savage.

To this day the mound beside the grave of his beloved Katie is covered with flowers when noted men from all the world pause in Boston to drive out and place their wreaths on his tombstone.

Last November I asked Jack Dempsey, who was appearing in a Boston theater, if he intended to place flowers on the old champion's resting place.

"I should say not," exclaimed the present titleholder. "I think John L. was a great fighter, if not the greatest of all time. But I won't put flowers on his grave. Every fighter who has done that has been knocked out in his next fight—Fred Fulton, Battling Levinsky, and Georges Carpentier among them. I'll send a wreath, the best money can buy, but I won't go near the place myself."

So ends the story of the Boston Strong Boy who, in the superstition of the profession, can still knock 'em out, even from his grave.

THE END

$500 for Limericks

Here are this week's winners who share in the $500 prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of May 2. The Limerick read as follows:

Charley Jones, who had just bought a car,
Took his girl out and drove much too far.
When they ran out of fuel
Charley Jones said, "'Tis cruel

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Gasoline out (guess I'll lean out) and see where we are."

Written by H. F. BEZEAU, 1620 13th Ave., Seattle, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

I've no gas, but a lass (alas)—here we are!"

Written by JOHN MORRISON, Corydon, Iowa

THIRD PRIZE—$75

Gas so lean (gasoline) our whole evening should mar."

Written by O. F. STREMMEL, 2038 Grace St., Chicago.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

A loose nut at the wheel—what a jar!"

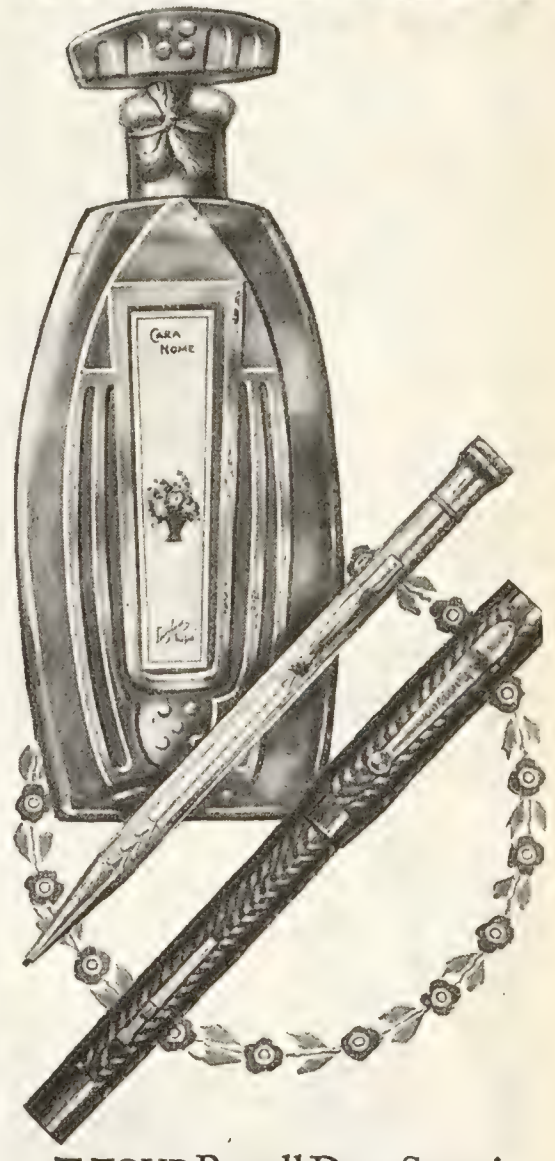
Written by MRS. F. BARTHOLOMEW, 281 N. Lansdowne Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

But walking has gone back to par."

Written by GEORGE F. SMITH, 218 Delmar St., San Antonio, Tex.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your* Rexall DRUG STORE



YOUR Rexall Drug Store is a treasure-house of gifts: Presents that graduates would choose for themselves. Prizes that golfers greet with enthusiasm. Birthday remembrances. Gracious trifles to send your hostess.

CARA NOME PERFUME, the delicate tribute of many flowers.

PENCILS with pocket clips and lead refills are welcome gifts for bridge players and practical men.

FOUNTAIN PENS, reliable self-fillers, the commencement present for the student ready to face the world. You will find just the right gift at the Rexall Store.

"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON

Hi yi ki yen! Hi yi ki yen! Hoorah! Hoorah! Nineteen ten!

After Fifteen Years

Being a Heartrending Description of One of Those Joyous Class Reunions

By JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Pictures by CHARLES FORBELL

DURING the next few weeks thousands of sedate and dignified lawyers, clergymen, doctors, authors, scientists, merchant princes, not to mention innumerable bond salesmen and insurance agents, will temporarily lay aside their dignity and importance, array themselves in convict uniforms, Ku Klux Klan costumes, and similar fantastic garb, and cavort gayly upon the greensward in what might fairly be described as High Jinks. Strong men, husky with emotion, will stand bareheaded in the deepening twilight and chant in trembling, reverential voices of

Thy storied halls,
Thy ivied walls,
We'll cherish thee for aye . . .

In a word, to cut short the unbearable suspense, the college reunion season is at hand. For weeks the old campus has been all agog, in anticipation of the great event; the "old grads," as they are fondly called in contempo-

Bradford, '49.

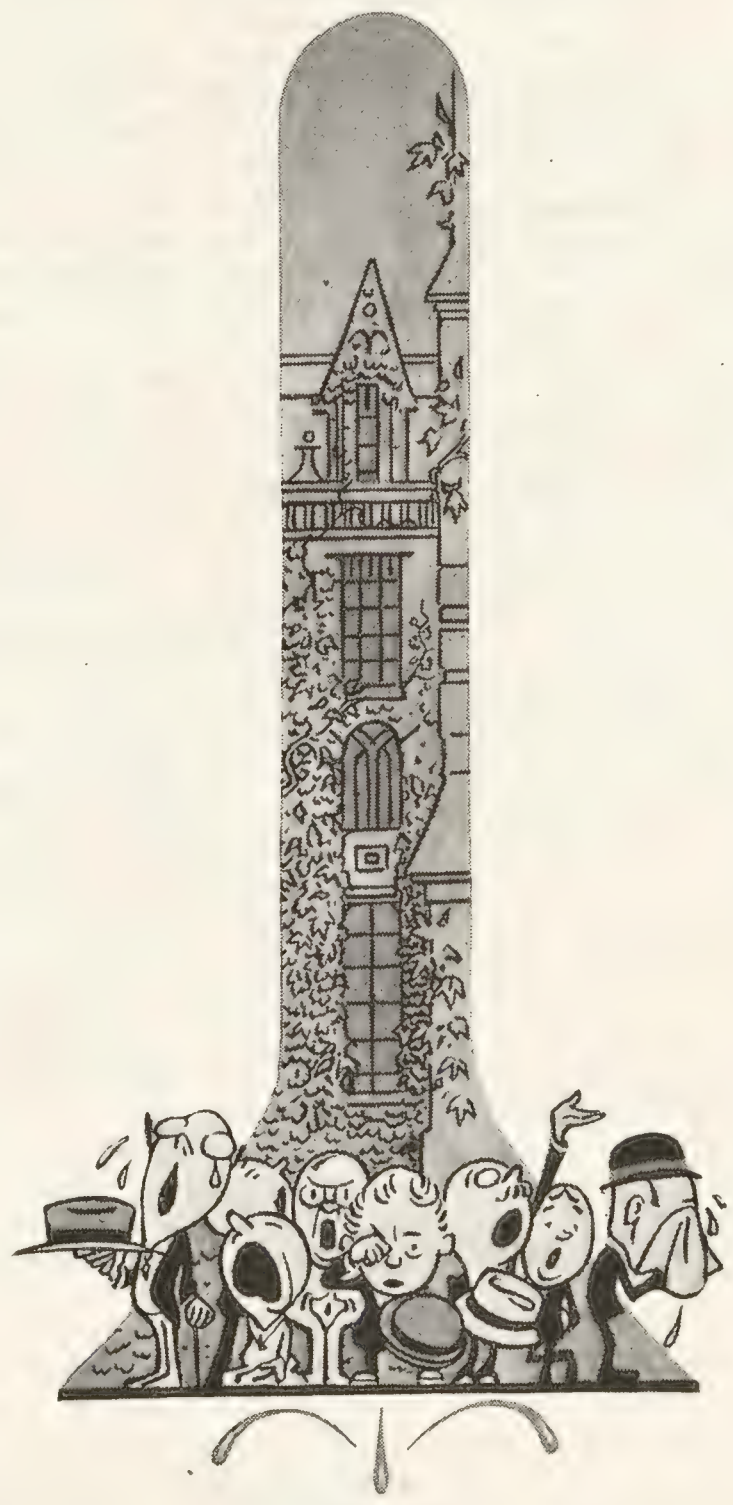
rary fiction, have been only slightly less agog. The pilgrimage to Alma Mater approaches.

For months vague warnings and premonitions have been felt. Some time in January you undoubtedly received a communication in the mail, of which the following is a fair example:

> Nineteen Ten this way:
>
> Put a red mark on your calendar around June 4th. Don't forget the date! The Fifteenth Annual Reunion of the Grand Old Class of 1910—the snappiest class that ever graduated from Old Doosenberry. Big Doings! Big Eats! Bring Friend Wife and the Kiddies. Let's make the fifteenth a humdinger! Sign on the dotted line. Atta baby!
>
> CYRIL BLENKINSOP,
> Secretary Class of 1910.

You were undoubtedly uplifted and touched by the receipt of this chaste, scholarly missive.

"Blenkinsop," you murmur reminiscently. "It seems to me I once knew a fellow by that name." The letter joins the batch of circulars and advertisements in your waste basket.



Thy storied halls,
Thy ivied walls.

But there is more from Blenkinsop—a succession of communications couched in the same austere Addisonian diction that reflects so much credit upon our institutions of learning. These are what are technically known as "follow-up letters." Along in March or April there arrives one missive that is particularly stirring. It contains the following appeal:

Ring the bell
And clear the track,
Nineteen Ten
Is coming back.
Remember—June 4th is the date,
Old Doosenberry is the place.

"The fellow has a real talent for verse," you reflect. "Funny I can't remember him."

At length, under the urge of repeated prodding by Brother Blenkinsop, you decide at last to go back to dear old Alma Mater, to

"Hello, Jones!"

renew old friendships, and—as Blenkinsop so beautifully expressed it in another follow-up letter—"be a boy once again."

Many things influence your decision. In the first place, you have not attended a reunion since 1915, and time has somewhat dulled the memory of that dismal affair. Perhaps the president will not be allowed to make a speech this time—a vain hope, as you know deep down in your heart. Anyway, once in ten years will not kill you. You decide to risk it. You send to Blenkinsop your check to defray expenses, pinned to his inclosed blank, reading, "I'll be there with bells on." Brother Blenkinsop's slang is of a strangely archaic vintage.

All this, of course, assumes that you belong to that regrettable, unregenerate group of alumni with souls so dead who never to themselves have said, "This is my own, my Alma

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Stop Foot Pains in 10 minutes

YOU can stop foot and leg pains **in 10 minutes** this new scientific way. **This we guarantee.** To avoid doubts and delays we invite you to make this **test at our risk.** If our method fails it costs you nothing.

If you have tired, aching, burning sensations of the feet, if your shoes feel uncomfortable after wearing, if you have pains in the heel, toes, instep, arch or ball of the foot, if you have a dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee, if you have cramping of the toes or callouses on the soles of the feet, or shooting pains when you step on uneven surfaces, then **make this test at our risk.**

More than one million foot sufferers have been freed of their pains this way, many on the recommendation of doctors and foot specialists. **So can you.**

When forward arch sags the bones spread as shown above. Foot is thrown out of balance. Pain results.

This shows condition corrected and arch restored to normal by wearing the Jung Arch Brace.

The joys of healthy feet

Imagine the joy of being able to walk all day, to dance all night, to enjoy vigorous sports, or to stand for hours without a pang or twinge of pain! And the relief is **permanent.**

This is the reason. The 26 bones of the feet are formed into two arches, one across the front of the foot which is hardly noticeable, but very important. The other is the long arch between heel and toes. Bands of muscles and ligaments hold these arches in place.

Overstrain or illness may weaken these muscles, then they fail to function properly and the bones spread. The arch sags. Sometimes so slightly you can't notice it. But the pain tells you about it because the **sensitive nerves and blood vessels are crushed by the sagging bones.** Suffering results.

New scientific correction

After years of experiments we developed a new scientific way to correct this trouble. A thin, light, porous, yet strong and durable band of super-elastic webbing was devised that is worn around the instep. It takes the strain off the weakened muscles. They again sustain the arch. Pressure on the nerves and blood vessels ceases. **Pain ends like magic.**

This band is **the Jung Arch Brace.** The secret of its success is in its correct stretch and tension, in its contour and design.

It is worn unnoticed over or under the hosiery and **with any style of shoe.** Makes the foot narrower, so you can wear the most stylish shoes.

New and better

The Jung Arch Brace replaces stiff arch props, metal plates and bunglesome pads. It gives no inconvenience. In fact, you wouldn't know you were wearing it if it were not for the comfort it gives. What it does seems miraculous. Your step becomes springy, full of youthful vigor again. You never seem to tire.

No matter what other appliances you have tried, try a pair of Jung Arch Braces.

Make this test at our risk

Go to your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them to your dealer and get your money back. You run no risk.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a strip of paper ½ an inch wide, measure around the smallest part of your instep, just back of the toes, where the forward end of the brace is shown in the diagram above. Mail us this measure with coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" style) to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage. Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend the "Miracle" style, extra wide, $1.50. Specify which you want when ordering. Make this test at our risk. If you don't get delightful relief in two weeks return them and get your money back.

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In Canada address Kirkham & Roberts
246 Hamilton Trust Bldg., Toronto
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Wonder $1.25, Miracle $1.75
C. O. D. shipments in U. S. only.

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Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

JUNG'S *The "Original"* **ARCH BRACES**

Tear This Coupon Out Now!

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Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. I enclose foot measurement.

.....Wonder Style, $1.00 per pair
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On receipt of package, I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles."

Name.....
Address.....
P. O.....State.....
I wear size.....shoe.....width of last
My dealer is.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Mater," whose hearts have ne'er—or words to that effect. There are, for instance, the professional alumni, those devoted sons of Alma Mater whose names appear with such prominence and regularity upon every notice or piece of alumni literature you receive; who are always starting a drive for this, or a campaign for that, or a movement for something or other.

Usually the names of your contemporaries on those lists are rather unfamiliar to you. It is curious to contemplate how these devoted sons of Alma Mater managed to conceal their lights so successfully during four years on the campus, only to emerge with such brilliancy after graduation.

THE big day arrives. You arrive at the dear old campus and wander strangely and lonesomely about. Unfamiliar figures pass you by. Somehow you feel that you ought to be thrilled by all this, that there ought to be a perceptible tug at your heartstrings, but you are curiously cold and unmoved by it all.

Ah, at last a familiar face—Jones, 1909; that sneaking little runt whom you disliked more than anyone else in college in your day. Time has not improved his beauty much; he is, if anything, less prepossessing than ever.

"Hello, Jones!" you exclaim, cordially. "How's the boy?"

"Mergenthaler," he says, clasping your hand.

"Mergenthaler, of course." How in blazes could you be expected to remember his silly name? Mergenthaler looks you over appraisingly.

"It's been great to see you again," says Mergenthaler. You are now approaching the old gymnasium, where the festivities are about to begin. "Call me up some time and we'll have lunch together."

"You bet!" you reply, with the mental reservation, "over my dead body," or words to that effect.

The old gymnasium is resplendently garnished with bunting and banners—trophies of the athletic prowess of Alma Mater.

You push your way through the crowds standing about on the gymnasium floor—alumni of all ages, from the fledglings of 1924 and 1925 to the veterans of the paleozoic age of Old Doosenberry. Here and there you meet a professor whom you recognize and greet with affected cordiality, although you are confident that he has not the remotest idea who you are.

You walk across the floor of the gym into the locker room. Over at the far end a group of unfamiliar looking gentlemen are gathered; at periodic intervals they place their heads together and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Genuine UNDERWOOD and ONLY

$3 DOWN

YES, only $3 brings this genuine *Shipman-Ward* Rebuilt Standard Underwood direct from our factory, and then only small monthly payments while you are using it. Thoroughly tested and guaranteed for five years.

A Perfect Typewriter

Every Underwood we sell is rebuilt JUST LIKE NEW. It is dismantled to the very bottom and manufactured just like a new typewriter, with new enamel, new nickel, new platen, new key rings, new type; a complete, perfect typewriter, with back spacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, key shift lock, etc. **Impossible to tell it from a brand new Underwood,** either in appearance, durability or quality of work.

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See for yourself! Try the typewriter ten days. You must be satisfied or the entire transaction won't cost you a penny. Act today. Get our big illustrated catalog and full particulars.

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Send by return mail free book of facts concerning Standard Visible Writing Underwood. This is not an order and does not obligate me to buy.

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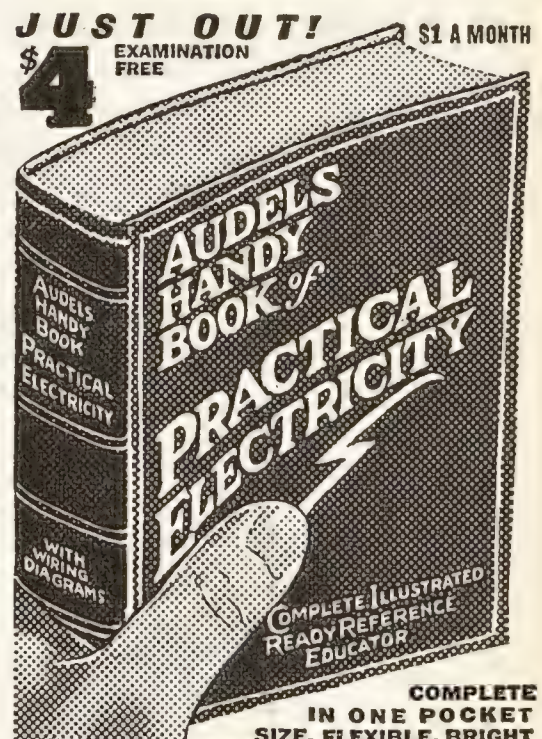
JUST OUT! $1 A MONTH

$4 EXAMINATION FREE



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Theo Audel Co, 65 W 23 St, New York
Please send me Audel's Handy Book of Practical Electricity for **free examination.** If satisfactory, I will send you $1 in 7 days, then $1 monthly until $4 is paid.

Name .....
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Add Charm This Way

Do you long for charm and daintiness — *poise?*

Fastidious women have a secret — two centuries old — that assures personal daintiness throughout the entire day. Eau de Cologne—No. 4 is their *imperative* toilette necessity.

This rare toilette water is a personal deodorant.

At Your Dealer's— 2 oz. 65c; 4 oz. $1.25; 8 oz. $2.00.

Eau de Cologne No. 4

It *neutralizes*—but does not check natural perspiration. Eau de Cologne—No. 4 is a dainty addition to the bath; after the bath it is a final touch of finesse.

Eau de Cologne—No. 4 cleans every tiny pore—leaves the skin silk soft . . . a perfect base for powder.

Send for this Free Sample

A most generous sample is waiting for you. Send 25 cents to cover postage and packing charges. *It is yours!*

USE THIS COUPON

Service Laboratories, Inc., 1926 W. 18th St., Chicago

I enclose 25c to pay postage and packing charges. Send the generous sample of Eau de Cologne—*at once!*

Name.....

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My Druggist is.....

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First Aid To Beauty and Charm

Nothing so mars an otherwise beautiful face as the inevitable lines of fatigue and suffering caused by tired, aching feet.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Antiseptic, Healing Powder

Insures foot comfort and is an everyday Toilet Necessity. Shake it in your shoes in the morning, Shop all day—Dance all evening—then let your mirror tell the story. It will convince you.

Allen's Foot-Ease is adding charm to thousands of faces. Let us show you what it can do for you.

Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll sent post FREE.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

FOR SALE AT
All Drug and Department Stores

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT]

shout raucously. "Nineteen Ten this way!" Your heart leaps up; this is the renewing of old friendships that Blenkinsop so eloquently promised you; this is your class! Sweet college years.

But there is little time to renew old friendships at this stage of the proceedings. The Committee in Charge of the Fifteenth Reunion, after months of deliberation, conference, and mental anguish, has at last evolved a dazzling conception—the Class of Nineteen Ten is to appear at the alumni meeting dressed as convicts.

"And what do you think?" another classmate exclaims gleefully. "We've got a zebra!"

"A zebra?"

"A real live zebra. The committee rented him from the circus in town."

"Well, I'll be darned. That'll certainly knock 'em cold."

"You got to hand it to old Blenkinsop."

YOU agree heartily and join your companions in the business of handing it to old Blenkinsop.

"Come on, fellows—all ready?"

The speaker, who has mounted one of the locker-room benches, is none other than old Blenkinsop himself.

"Come on, fellows — a snappy hi yi ki yen!"

The old battle cry reverberates through the historic building:

Hi yi ki yen!
Hi yi ki yen!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Nineteen ten!

The new alumni president, whom you remember vaguely having voted for or against, is duly installed in office. He acknowledges the honor with a few well chosen words. On second thought, they are not so few nor are they so well chosen. However, he acknowledges the honor, and the annual alumni meeting is now in full swing.

First the roll call of classes.

"Eighteen hundred and forty-nine!"

A gray bearded patriarch arises slowly.

"Bradford, '49," he announces in a quavering voice. "The class of '49 has one man living and one man present."

"One hundred per cent representation for the class of 1849," the president announces as the crowd springs to its feet and cheers lustily for Bradford, '49.

There is a real kick to this. You experience a genuine emotional thrill at the sight of this venerable relic tottering back to pay homage to his Alma Mater. Seventy-six years! You wonder whether you will ever care enough about old Doosenberry to celebrate your seventy-sixth anniversary. Well, anyway, if Blenkinsop, 1910, is alive

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Who owns the telephone?

For seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time, learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

Today John Graves, and many thousands like him, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned by more people than any other, and the great majority of its owners—laborers, clerks, housewives, business men and others—have bought it with their savings. As its business has grown, the number of its shareholders has increased until now one out of every 45 telephone subscribers is also a stockholder.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM

One Policy, One System, Universal Service

Schilling Auto-Camp

THE QUICK AND EASY WAY

A perfect bed. Frame constructed of pressed steel, all parts attached. Only Mattress Fabric with supporting elements and resting surface woven into one complete unit. Not the canvas cot type, but a real sagless spring mattress. CAN'T TANGLE OR KINK. Waterproof tent. Outfit set up or collapsed in 3 minutes. NO BEDS TO TOTE. NO STAKES TO DRIVE. Furnished either set up with or detached from car. FROM FACTORY TO YOU.

For 1925 Catalogue address Dept. X
L. F. SCHILLING, Salem, O.

BIGGER PAY IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

Thousands wanted for "Civil Service." Recent increase now makes pay from $36 to $50 a week to start, in Postal Service. Steady work. Easy hours. Yearly raises. Rapid promotion. Full-paid vacations and sick leaves.

FREE BOOK. Arthur R. Patterson, 8 years an Official Examiner, guarantees you will be offered position in one year after receiving rating, or your money back. Get free book.

Approved as a Correspondence School under the laws of the State of New York.

Patterson Civil Service School, Dept. 1786, Rochester, N. Y.

Sir: Send me without charge your catalog describing U. S. Government Positions.

Name.....

Age.....

Address.....

Patterson Civil Service School, Dept. 1786, Rochester, N. Y.

Get Out-on-the-Water-and "GO"

Enjoy the thrilling fun of motor boating at small cost.

Elto's greater power and speed afford constant satisfaction.

First off the mark — the Elto "Starts with a Touch."

Make up your mind that this year yours shall be a REAL vacation. For less than the cost of a long weary trip by train, or dusty tour by auto, you can get back to nature the "Elto" way.

Just go to your favorite lake, river or seashore spot, and with Elto, easily carried, you find a boat and endless fun. It attaches instantly, starts with a touch, flashes across the water at racing speed, and carries you on and on in a glorious feeling of rest and comfort.

Choose your own trail, enjoy your favorite water sport, whether it be fishing, cruising, exploring, racing, bathing, or just loafing lazily along. Every day —all day, Elto is ready for you and all the family.

Write for Free Catalog explaining why Elto — Ole Evinrude's latest Light Twin Outboard Motor, gives more power, greater speed, safer control, easier starting, and surer satisfaction. Write for it today.

ELTO OUTBOARD MOTOR CO.
Ole Evinrude, President
Dept. 53, Manufacturers' Home Bldg.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Elto

Ole Evinrude's Fast Light Twin Motor for Rowboats

"The Motor that Starts with a Touch"

New Self-Massaging Belt Reduces Waist—*Easily!*

Produces same result as an expert masseur, but far quicker, easier, and less expensive. Substitutes good, solid, normal tissue for that bulky, useless, disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there.

Science has found a delightfully easy way to quickly remove fat and obtain a normal waistline—without straining your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening your system by starving.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method effectively dislodged the fat and brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and so few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

But now a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Weil Scientific Reducing Belt uses this same massage principle, acting by means of its specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that as you wear it, every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant gentle massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you this way every second, day and night, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waist line. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. Man or woman, you are filled with a wonderful new energy, and both look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Weil Belt is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly, but at the same time preserves their strength. Highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back without question.

Write today for full description. If you write at once you can also get in on a Special 10-day Trial offer. Mail coupon today to

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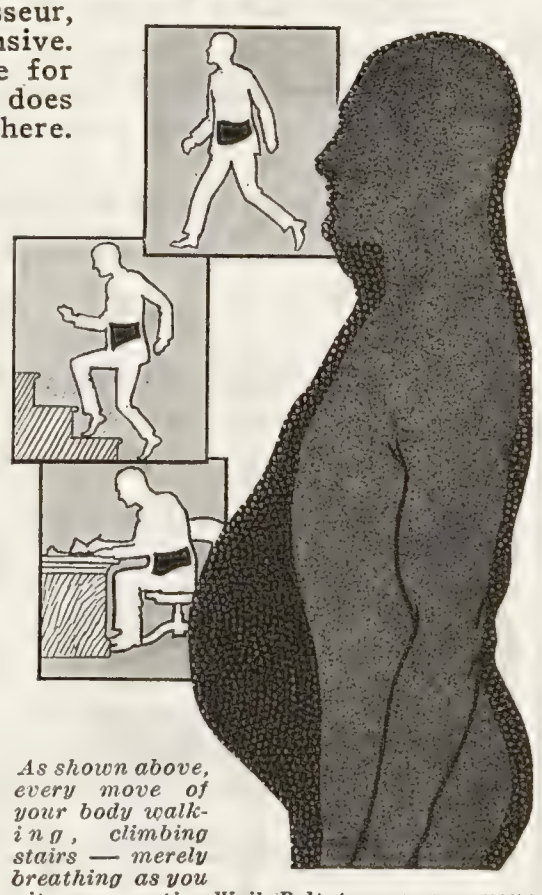


As shown above, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs — merely breathing as you sit—causes the Weil Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.

The Weil Company,
886 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-Day Trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

it's a certainty that he will be there to represent the class.

The roll call continues, and as the younger classes are approached the responses become more boisterous, more jocular.

"Nineteen hundred!"

"Celebrating its silver anniversary," says the class spokesman, humorously. These college boys have a sly wit.

"Nineteen hundred and ten!"

Blenkinsop is already on his chair.

"Fifty-five men — twenty-seven present," he announces eloquently. "Nineteen ten claims the cup for the alumnus coming the longest distance. Fletcher of our class came all the way from Paris, France." You happen to know that your classmate Fletcher, who is a buyer for a dress house, came all the way from Paris because his firm would not send him money to stay there any longer.

At any rate, the audience is not especially impressed by Blenkinsop's announcement.

"Now, fellows——" The twenty-seven convicts arise, and, led by their faithful zebra, lockstep around the room, chanting their class anthem:

Here's to 1910, drink 'er down,
drink 'er down.
Here's to 1910, drink 'er down,
drink 'er down.
Here's to 1910; they're a husky
bunch of men.
Drink 'er down, drink 'er down,
Drink 'er down, down, down.

That was considered a triumph of psalmody back in the fall of 1906.

THE roll call continues, and eventually the class of 1925 is reached, welcomed heartily into the brotherhood of alumni, and this part of the afternoon's entertainment is concluded.

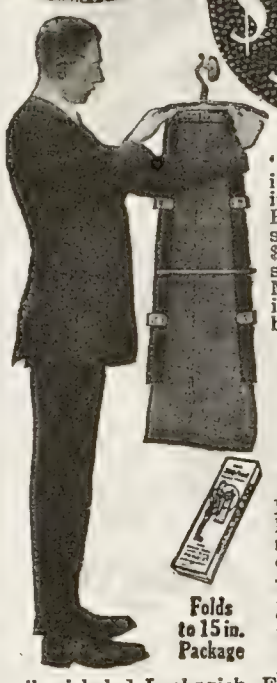
"I now take great pleasure," says the president, "in awarding the cup to the alumnus who traveled the greatest distance to attend this reunion. The trophy this year goes to Baker, '02, who came all the way from Singapore, India."

The enthusiasm that greets the announcement of this well-merited award is not at all dimmed by the knowledge, which everyone has, that Baker, '02, who had been in India on business, was coming home anyway, and would have come home even if old Doosenberry had burned to the ground. Consequently there is great rejoicing at this additional manifestation of the triumphant alumni spirit.

The next three numbers on the program bear quite a resemblance to each other and are always rather strangely confused in your mind—the reading of the necrology of the past year, the treasurer's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

I made $93 my first week



"Since then I've been earning over $100 every week selling the Stay-Prest Trouser Presser"—says S. L. Patterson of Iowa. Jack Ames made $24.00 in four hours. Randle sold twenty-five the first day. Mary Roberts cleared $10.00 in one evening. You can make big money by selling this

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Stay Prest Trouser Presser

Keeps pants always pressed. Puts in knife edge crease, removes baggy knees—smooths out entire surface. Easy to use—takes only a few seconds. No steam or heat. Saves nap of cloth. Lengthens life of trousers. Made of hardwood—lasts years. Finished in black leatherette. Metal parts heavily nickeled. Looks rich. Fits any size trousers. Folds to 15-in. package to fit small handbag. Over 250,000 in use.

Folds to 15 in. Package

Big Cash Profits in Advance

Your profits in advance. Simply write orders. We ship and collect. Stay-Prest sells quickly—average sale in 8 minutes. 40% profit. Newest thing out. Big repeater.

Earn Spare Time Money

Hundreds of men and women are earning large extra weekly incomes by devoting a few spare hours to selling the famous Stay-Prest Trouser Presser. Many earn as high as $30 and $40 a week this way.

Sensational Seller for Tailoring Salesmen

If you are a tailoring salesman, you should learn at once how you can add many dollars each week to your present income. You can easily sell from one to six Stay-Prests when you sell a suit.

FREE—To Men and Women

Special offer enables you to obtain Selling Outfit absolutely free—everything you need to take orders. We guarantee you will make sales. Write for plan and exclusive territory.
The GETGEY-JUNG CO., G-122 G. & J. Building., Cincinnati, Ohio

The GETGEY-JUNG COMPANY
G-122 G. & J. Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

Send me at once full information about the Stay-Prest Trouser Presser and your amazing money making selling plan.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

[ ] Check here if you are a tailoring salesman.

I Want 700 Agents At $90.00 a Week

Men and Women! Write me today and by this time next week I can place you in a position to make $2.00 to $5.00 an hour in your spare time, up to $15.00 a day full time. Thousands of our representatives are making that and more with our **New Plans.** Simply introduce and take orders for famous **World's Star Hosiery and Underwear** sold direct from mill to home—a complete line for whole family. Permanent customers and repeat orders make you steady, big income. No delivering or collecting. No capital required.

Write Quick It's a chance to make thousands of dollars. Your profits begin at once. Exclusive territory. No experience needed. Write today and I'll send all facts and tell how to start Free. *(Established 29 years.)*

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.,
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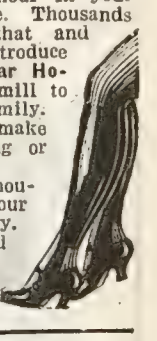

After Changing Tires

USE ZEV, THE WONDERful waterless soap. Absolutely removes grease and dirt without water. Simply apply, rub and remove with waste or towel. Nothing else like it. No grit, no pumice! *As harmless and as pleasant as cold cream.* Leaves hands clean and soft. One application will convince.

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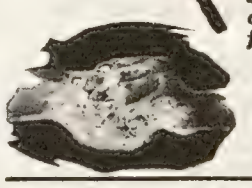
Send 25c for a large trial can. Guaranteed to please or money refunded. Ask for our agent plan.



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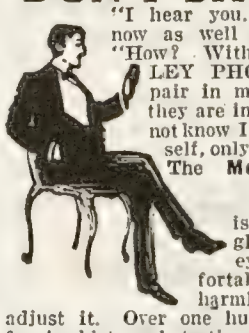
"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody." "How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right." The **Morley Phone** for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

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Every one who is troubled with deafness is now invited to enjoy Ten Days of Good Hearing with the world-famous Acousticon. Let us send you our latest improved model for 10 days' free use entirely at our risk and expense. No deposit required—no obligation on your part. Just try it—10 days Free—and let results convince you.

Mr. A. H. Herrick, of Harvard University, says: "We who suffer from impaired hearing have cause for profound gratitude to you." Rev. G. M. Rainey, the Evangelist, says: "The results have been all you claim." Mr. A. Hollander, of the Equitable Life, New York, says, "Not a day passes but what I recommend the Acousticon to friends or business acquaintances—it has made a new man of me." In like manner write thousands of others, expressing their gratitude—men and women in every state, in practically every civilized country on earth. Yet we don't ask you to believe. We simply ask that you allow us to prove the merits of the Acousticon in your own case, to your own complete satisfaction without a penny of expense or risk on your part. Just try it—free—that's all we ask. Send name and address today.

Dictograph Products Corporation
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Going to be Married?

Wait!

until you've read

"The High Price of June Brides"

in next week's

5c Liberty *A Weekly for Everybody*

at all newsstands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

report, and the annual address of the president of the college.

You remember the first time you heard this president—he was not the prexy of your day—how you were fascinated by the lullaby quality of his voice. Probably the first time you were definitely conscious of your mental growth was when you discovered what a dismal old bore he really was. A phrase now and then strikes your ear and penetrates your subconscious ". . . builders of men . . . the torch of learning . . . as Aristotle said . . . I can remember when I was a boy . . . a loyal, devoted alumni . . . unswerving fidelity . . . I am reminded of a little story . . . the annual enrollment . . . per capita . . . per cent . . . eight hundred thousand dollars . . . two hundred and ninety-seven thousand dollars . . . four hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars . . . unswerving devotion and loyalty."

A short, snappy cheer for prexy! Spell it out, fellows!

THE formal part of the reunion is now nearly over. A silver loving cup is presented to the class of 1849 for having the largest proportionate representation present and is tremulously accepted by Bradford, '49. You have a feeling that the old gentleman lives solely for this event; that the distinction of being the oldest living alumnus is the crown and glory of his old age; and that his declining years are spent marking time between alumni reunions. After all, it is comforting to reflect that almost anyone can emerge from obscurity by the simple process of living long enough. Methuselah probably did not amount to very much during his first few centuries.

"A motion to adjourn is in order," says the president. The crowd rises slowly and solemnly to its feet.

Thy storied halls——

Somebody starts it and stops abruptly; his voice is pitched too high. Over in another corner of the room someone else rather timorously begins a few tones lower. The crowd chimes in; you add your fervent, though not too accurate tenor; the chorus swells into a deep, vibrating anthem.

Thy storied halls,
Thy ivied walls,
We'll cherish thee for aye.
The friendships formed at Doosenberry
Shall never pass away.
Thy loyal sons
Will e'er be linked
In bonds of friendship true.
And we will ever loyal be,
Old Doosenberry,
To you.

THE END

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

FLORSHEIM SHOES are famous for their fine style. Well-dressed men find in Florsheims just what they want—smart lasts, correct designing, quality materials.

THE OLYMPIC ~ *Style M-167*

Most Styles $10 *Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
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For the man — The Florsheim SHOE — *who cares*

Don't miss Arnold Bennett's

new, brilliant article:

Say Something

in

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At all newsstands

5c Liberty *A Weekly for Everybody*

STARTING *With This Issue*

5c Liberty *Will Pay*

A Weekly for Everybody

$1,000. Each Week

For Titles To Liberty Covers

CAN YOU
Suggest a Title
For This Cover?

This Offer Is Open to Everybody. Simply Send In Your Suggestion.

THE RULES

1. Each week, beginning with this issue, Liberty will print on its cover a picture without a name. These pictures will be painted by world famous magazine cover artists and will be reproduced in full colors. (See cover of this issue.)

Each picture will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in Cash each week for the best answers.

2. 8 Cash Prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes, $25.00 each	100.00
Total	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy and girl, except employes of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
(a) A title suggestion in 10 words or less.
(b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like, or do not like, the cover picture.

5. For convenience a coupon as shown on this page will be printed in each issue of Liberty. *Suggestions may be submitted on this coupon or on a separate sheet of paper.* Contestants may submit as many entries as they wish.

6. All entries must be sent to "Covers," Care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in by midnight one week following the date on the cover. No entries will be returned.

The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the Publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

* * *

Remember this interesting contest is open to every one. All that is necessary is to send your suggestion on the coupon at the left or on a separate sheet of paper. Then watch each issue of Liberty for the names of the winners.

MAIL YOUR SUGGESTION

COUPON *for* COVER TITLE CONTEST

No. 1

"COVERS"
Liberty, Post Office Box 1123,
Chicago, Illinois

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of June 6th is: _____
WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

_____

(On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like or do not like this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.)

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Another $1,000. Next Week!

Don't Miss Next Week's

5c Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

A Page *of* Movie Reviews *By Alva Taylor*

THE FOOL

From the Play by Channing Pollock

Directed by Harry Millarde Produced by Fox

THE CAST:

Daniel Gilchrist ..... *Edmund Lowe*
Jerry ..... *Raymond Bloomer*
Stedtman ..... *Henry Seeley*
Umanski ..... *Paul Panzer*
Hennig ..... *A. J. Herbert*
Mary Margaret ..... *Anne Dale*
Pearl ..... *Mary Thurman*
Clare ..... *Brenda Bond*

Mary Thurman

THE FOOL is a stirring and convincing moving picture. Those who saw and admired Channing Pollock's play will find that the picture comes quite up to the standards set by the stage version. Those who did not see the play will, in the picture, have Mr. Pollock's play in spirit and inspiration just as completely as though they had heard the spoken lines. This is partly due to the careful transference of the story to the screen, the splendid acting and direction, and partly to one of the faults of the picture. This fault is the frequent use of lines from the play as subtitles. In the average movie this is undesirable. But in the case of The Fool it is forgivable, since the author had something so worth while saying that it was hard to leave it out.

Edmund Lowe

The "fool" is Daniel Gilchrist, a young minister in a wealthy parish. Daniel wishes to live a Christlike life. He wants to prove that, even in this practical day and age, it is possible to follow the teachings of the Master. All through the story his actions are parallel to those of Christ. He gives his riches to the poor. He turns the other cheek when he is struck. He comforts and forgives a modern Magdalene. He forgives those who trespass against him. He resists temptation, and he works a miracle. In Mary Margaret, the little crippled girl, he inspires such faith that, in a supreme moment, she forgets her crutches, and walks. The Fool is spiritual food and straightforward entertainment. Be sure to take some handkerchiefs along. It's that kind of a picture.

Brenda Bond

HIS SUPREME MOMENT

Directed by G. Fitzmaurice First National Picture

THE CAST:

Carla King ..... *Blanche Sweet*
John Douglas ..... *Ronald Colman*
Sara Deeping ..... *Jane Winton*
Betty Light ..... *Belle Bennett*
Harry Avon ..... *Cyril Chadwick*

Blanche Sweet

CARLA KING (Blanche Sweet) was one of the successful stars on Broadway. She loved her career better than she loved a man until John Douglas came into her life. He wanted her to marry him and forget the career. But Carla wasn't sure that this would work out. There was another woman who wanted John Douglas, too. She didn't play fair, and made complications which, of course, were smoothed out in the last reel.

The picture is good entertainment. Blanche Sweet is lovely, as usual. Ronald Colman, one of the most popular lovers on the screen today, is quite up to form. You can safely decide to go to this picture.

PROUD FLESH

From the Novel by Lawrence Rising

Directed by King Vidor Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Fernanda ..... *Eleanor Boardman*
Pat O'Malley ..... *Pat O'Malley*
Don Jaime ..... *Harrison Ford*
Mrs. McKee ..... *Trixie Friganza*
Mr. McKee ..... *William J. Kelly*
Mrs. O'Malley ..... *Margaret Seddon*

Eleanor Boardman

PROUD FLESH is as refreshing and entertaining a picture as I have had the pleasure of seeing recently. It is a playful treatment of the Spanish *senorita* and balcony-climbing *senor* theme, with no one taking anything too seriously.

Pat O'Malley plays Pat O'Malley, successful plumber, who takes Fernanda (Eleanor Boardman) by storm in he-man fashion. She is too proud to love him at first, since he is only a plumber, accustomed as she is to the aristocratic ways of Don Jaime (Harrison Ford), whose servants have twanged guitars to countless *senoritas*, and have climbed hundreds of balconies of the nobility for him in Spain.

Pat O'Malley

ADVENTURE

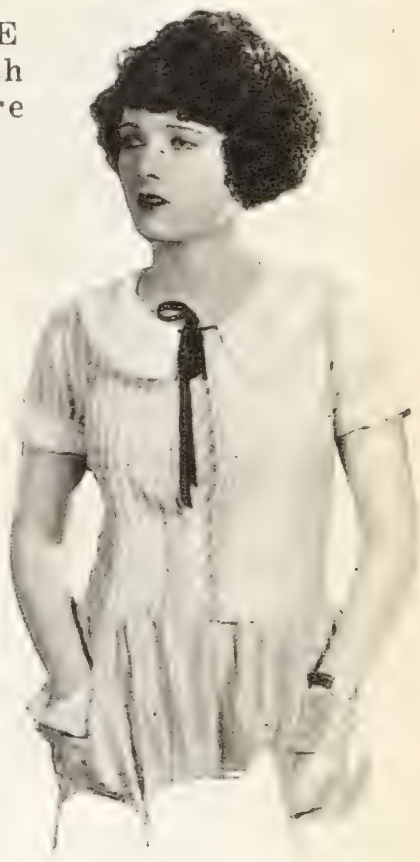
From the Novel by Jack London

Directed by V. Fleming A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

David Sheldon ..... *Tom Moore*
Joan Lackland ..... *Pauline Starke*
Morgan ..... *Wallace Beery*
Baff ..... *Raymond Hatton*
Tudor ..... *Walter McGrail*
Noah Noa ..... *Duke Kahanamoku*

ADVENTURE in the South Seas where sharks are sharks and savages are Hollywood bellhops, is nothing new in the movies, but in this particular case it is great fun for the moviegoer. Adventure, from the novel by Jack London, is full of exciting events, suspense, romance, and plenty of humor. It is one of the pictures you ought not to miss.



Pauline Starke

The cast is by no means the least valuable part of the performance. When you hear that Pauline Starke is the heroine, don't picture the old long-haired, more or less dignified, sad-eyed Pauline. The Pauline in this picture has the curliest bobbed hair, and the sauciest and most provocative ways of anyone you have seen for a long time. But that's what the part of Joan Lackland called for, showing that Pauline is an actress, and not just Pauline Starke, when she faces the camera.

Tom Moore

Joan Lackland is a young lady of nineteen who resents the fact that she was not born a boy, and spends her time touring the world looking for adventure with her crew of Kanaka youths. She finds plenty of adventure in the South Seas on the plantation of David Sheldon (Tom Moore).

You'll enjoy Adventure immensely.

Walter McGrail

NEXT WEEK *Miss Taylor will review Gloria Swanson's latest picture, Madame Sans Gene, by Paramount; The Wizard of Oz, a Chadwick production; My Son, a First National Picture, and Tides of Passion, by Vitagraph.*

Anent Charlie Chaplin's Leading Ladies

CAPTIONS BY ALVA TAYLOR

GEORGIA HALE

Melbourne-Spurr Photo.

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo.

MILDRED HARRIS

SHE BECAME A GREAT SCREEN ACTRESS, and yet her start was playing opposite a pie-flinging comedian with a scrubby mustache and a funny walk. You will recognize Miss Mildred Harris, now a star in her own right. She was last seen in The Dressmaker from Paris, a Paramount picture.

THE newest leading lady to work opposite Mr. Chaplin is Georgia Hale, who stepped into The Alaskan when Miss Lita Grey, the preceding heroine, withdrew from the picture to keep a date at the altar with Charlie.

A POPULARITY that never seems to wane is Herbert Rawlinson's vogue. Year in and year out he smiles and battles his way through Universal features, one month an Irish cop, the next an Irish laborer, the next a young Irishman. Always he vanquishes not less than three villains, and, just as surely, win the pretty daughter of the millionaire.

ONE of America's greatest and sometimes least appreciated screen artists, Mr. Charles Ray, recently attempted to discover what the public wanted of him by going back to the role that originally made him famous—that of the bashful country youth—in a picture called Percy, a Pathe release.

Edwin Bower Hesser Photo.

HERBERT RAWLINSON

Henry Waxman Photo.

CHARLES RAY

WHO WILL WIN?

LIBERTY'S GREATEST CONTEST

$50,000 *for* AN IDEA

Suitable for a Story for Liberty and for a Motion Picture

THE thousands of manuscripts received are now being judged. Here are some interesting facts about who submitted ideas in the great competition, the kind of stories they suggested, and a few indications of what the judges are up against in their task of picking a $50,000 story plot.

NOW that the shooting is all over so far as receiving entries for Liberty's $50,000 contest is concerned, it will, no doubt, interest contestants to hear something about the competition from the inside.

Let's start at the beginning.

For the past three months nearly a score of experienced persons have been busily engaged in giving the entries a first reading. And the synopsis or complete story written in pencil by the novice has received just as much attention as the handsome, typewritten manuscript presented by the noted author or playwright.

The result of this work has revealed the fact that the field of ideas for moving pictures is still far from fully covered, for innumerable plots of amazing freshness and ingenuity have been submitted, and it looks as if the judges are going to have a perplexing job in arriving at a final decision.

Many notable authors submitted ideas, but, of course, the vast majority of the competitors were amateurs. Manuscripts arrived at the rate of several hundreds per day—from the young and from the old, and from foreign countries, from which we had hardly expected to receive entries.

A large percentage of the entrants built their stories around American life in its humbler walks. The great open spaces of the West came in for considerable attention, as did also the swift, cocktail-drinking smart set. And tales surrounding seekers after gold, lumber camps, shipwrecks, kidnapings, amnesia, and persons who became famous overnight, kept the manuscript readers' blood in a state of frenzied circulation. But whatever theme the author chose he almost invariably saturated his atmosphere with that good old commodity, LOVE.

Some of the deep thinkers delved into theosophy, reincarnation, and other such opaque subjects.

Of comedy there was practically none.

Those of a statistical turn of mind might care to know that more married women submitted contributions than did girls and single women. Probably the married ones can spare more time for staying at home. The sexes were just about on a numerical par, so once again the delicately nurtured have shown that they can hold their own with the rough males.

A novel plan of working was contrived by a business man in California who collaborated with a professional writer in New York. The Californian spilled his life story into a dictaphone and sent the wax records on to New York, where the Easterner whipped the uniquely supplied material into a romantic tale.

The youngest competitor submitted the following:

> I am five years old. My dog got run over.

And then the youthful scribe stumbled around valiantly through a few more words and gave it up. He had an "idea" but it just wouldn't hatch into words.

One author managed to have ten orphans left on the same doorstep! There must have been a whale of a crop of orphans that year, and it was no mean doorstep to accommodate that bunch.

One of the oldest aspirants to honors was aged eighty-four. He had been inspired to submit an entry by seeing the picture Dick Turpin presented. His sketch started with his boyhood days when his father was the proprietor of The Boar's Head in Epping Forest, England, continued through the period of the American Civil War, and then ran on through a host of vicissitudes and experiences right up to the present time. *Some* story!

Of authors of foreign extraction Russians easily led the field in point of numbers. And most of their stories dealt with either their native land or Poland.

Many of the letters accompanying manuscripts assured the judges that the writers were certain their *idea* would romp home with the prize. A less hopeful competitor, however, wrote the following on his synopsis: "Please attach rejection slip and return to....."

In a whimsically humorous letter an entrant from the Northwest wrote that he had been a regular contestant in our Limerick competitions, and so sure had he been that his effort would prove a prize winner that he had sallied forth and spent the money in advance each week. He had, however, always failed to catch the judges' eyes and pointed out that he had now amassed such a vast collection of debts that his only hope of eluding bankruptcy was to win the Idea award.

But to return to business. We are all waiting impatiently for the judges' decision. They are doing their job thoroughly, however, and must not be hurried. We'll hear from them just as soon as they are certain that they have selected THE RIGHT ONE.

And even after they have arrived at a decision regarding the entry which is to receive the big award, much will still remain for them to do, for all the manuscripts have to be given a second reading in order that work of sufficient merit can be selected for the offer of private purchase by Liberty, and the authors thereof communicated with concerning prices, etc. This will all take time, but it cannot be helped.

NEXT WEEK: *Some more facts about this contest which should be of interest to everybody.*

CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

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To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Absolutely Harmless—No Opiates. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

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J. Youngquiet (Colo.)

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Measuring YOUR MIND

Some Tests to Help You Learn Whether You Are an Intellectual Heavyweight or a Person of Ordinary Mental Tonnage

HOW big is that brain of yours? Sit right down now with this 1925 model mindometer and find out for yourself. Maybe you'll surprise yourself by pulling an A on this first quiz. Be sure you have a watch and a pencil—to say nothing of a brain that can jump a fence, turn a somersault, and do a handspring. Are you equal to it? Then get right in on the first of these tests.

Liberty will print a new test every week. If you want to gauge your mental ability thoroughly take every test in the series. Each one aims at some different power of your mind. In the end you will have an estimate and an analysis of your intelligence as complete as any psychologist could make for you.

And if the impossible happens—if you flunk these quizzes—no one will know! If you find you have an A mind with EXCELLENT *mental caliber you can shout the glad news from roof tops. But if the score doesn't do you justice—sh-h-h! The neighbors need never know!*

IF you were in the army you remember the famous army tests. If you ever were a college freshman you remember the psychology tests. Both sounded formidable to the *n*th degree, but when you came to take them they turned out to be Fun spelled with a capital F.

Liberty's latest diversion resembles these psychology tests. You will find they are intriguing meters to grade your mind and tickle your funny bone. We wager they will *get* you as hard as cross-word puzzles ever did.

When you have finished this test look on page 54, where you will find the answers and a system of grading. Reckon you will make the grade "Excellent?" There's only one way of finding out. Get out your watch and your pencil and go to it! All ready? Here's the first:

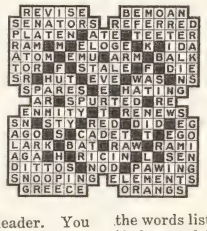
Following Instructions Test

How good are you at obeying orders? In this test we are going to fire ten questions at you in four minutes. Pull out your watch and be sure you don't overstep the time limit. This quiz is like a game of follow-the-leader. You can't tell what you are going to be asked to do next. Are you ready?

Do What It Says!

1. Write your address on this line .....
2. Draw a triangle at the end of this sentence . △
3. Underline the letter Q and make a circle under the number 5.
   A B C F Q R T X 3 T 5 G
4. If Christmas comes in September write the word "yes" on the dotted line.....
5. Cross out the longest word in this sentence and draw a circle around the sixth word.
6. If Seattle is in Oregon make a cross here.....
   If it is in Washington make a circle here. O.....
7. If a yard is four times as long as a foot, stop and draw a line to the end of the page from this point. If not, draw a ring around the fifth word in this sentence.
8. If your birthday is in winter, write the eleventh letter of the alphabet here.....
   If it isn't, write the twelfth letter of the alphabet here. L.....
9. Boston is famous for beans, cherry blossoms, waterfalls, automobiles. Underline the correct word.
10. If a daguerreotype is a kind of picture, make a letter M on the dotted line M....

Answer to Last Week's Cross-Word Puzzle (No. 30)



Naming Opposites Test

Here is a test to try out other powers of your mind. Can you name the opposites of the words listed below? For instance, if the word is "good" write "bad" after it. Allow yourself two minutes to complete this quiz.

1. White – black
2. Push – pull
3. Fast – slow
4. Dull – bright
5. Up – down
6. Intoxicated – sober
7. Full – empty
8. Dry – wet
9. Dark – light
10. Fresh – stale
11. Powerful – weak
12. Under – over
13. Defeat – victory
14. Fancy – plain
15. Work – play

Now look for the answers and grading instructions on page 54.

Paris Styles Foreshadow Changes *in* Silhouette

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

SKETCH made from a photograph just received of Monsieur Worth's favorite and most successful model, showing higher waistline than usual. It was made originally of cashmere in parma violet. It has a straight back and fullness in front. Now it is beginning to appear in smooth material.

IMMEDIATELY above are two other interesting dresses. One is a summer dress of black and white foulard, which also shows the mounting waistline. It has bands around the bottom of the skirt, and the sleeveless armholes. The collar is in solid color. The other is a black crepe evening dress with frayed ribbon in black satin as ruffle across the front, and pin tucks outlining the waistline in back.

EVENING dress in brown crepe and brown satin, with slanting waistline. The ribbon of the sash comes together in two flopping bows in back. A little flesh-colored net yoke above the low neckline holds the dress in place. The lace is put around the front of the skirt in circular flounces, and floats down the sides in panels.

THEY say there is no fashion news, and yet I should predict there was something pending which takes its place on the first pages of the publications of all the nations, along with pronouncements of war and peace and other public matters.

The silhouette is going to change. It is even now under modification in that city where Fashion's caprice is law and human forms are altered at its dictates.

Just last week I received a letter from across seas inclosing Monsieur Worth's favorite and highly successful model.

I had written some friends previously saying they must be sure to keep us advised of all the fashion news. One of them sent the picture with the words that if we could make anything out of it we were all smarter than she thought us, which statement indicates that even in Paris they don't always know what is happening to them.

I had the photograph redrawn and present it herewith, letting it carry its own message of true significance: that the waistline returns to normalcy, as we Americans say.

Another friend has just dropped in who is home on a month's visit from Paris, and she says every model of the last two months shown by Monsieur Patou has the waistline where it was placed by Nature. That is to say, it will go where the French waistline falls by Nature —and this is another way of announcing that the stubby French figure is coming in again.

We have had our way, with the waistline down round the knees, for longer than could reasonably have been expected. That low, squat, chubby outline, with the waist described by a ribbon that looks like an apron string, is dear to the French woman. But the last time it was fashionable we were so very slow to accept it! We were going round with our long, lovely outlines flaunting themselves all over Europe when other nations, including the English, had made themselves over to fit the current figure. Maybe we shall again hold our own. Some people say it was the war that did it, and I say so, too; but not the one the kaiser had a hand in. It was the war between the women of two races about whether they would wear what was becoming or merely dress in accordance with commercialized fashion.

We held out for so long that we had scarcely bought our new, high-waisted things when the French came down to our low line. And so we put all our new clothes away and maintained our long-lined silhouette until this day. Maybe we shall go on doing so, but at any rate in the first sketch you see what is proclaimed the most popular model of the season.

In the second offering you see another model, redrawn from the French, showing the waistline mounting and the narrow girdle circling it. The dress further shows the band round the bottom in a plain material, and this, too, is a popular note of the current season.

I thought this third model from Lucile's American collection adapted itself to the twofold purpose of both evening wear and dressy daytime occasions. Usually it is difficult to find costumes that will come fully up to the demands of full dress, as this does, and yet disguise themselves into something appropriate for less elaborate wear. But this one will.

It is of black crepe with black satin ribbon, frayed about an inch and a half top and bottom, gathered across the middle and sewed round the bottom of the flaring front.

I am afraid the last offering could never be made into a dress for day wear. But I saw a young thing at Lucile's buying it for some mighty strenuous evening wear, out Southampton way, ere long. Of all the evening dresses I have seen, I believe it is my favorite.

The Creeping Shadow

A Tale of Tropic Terror and a Girl's Devotion

By HENRY HOLT

Pictures by JOHN A. HAELEN

Half angel and half wax doll. That, at least, was the

IF IT hadn't been so pathetic they could have laughed as Billy Cranston climbed out of the surfboat up the river and came ashore with spotless buckskin shoes, a chin just shaved, and a drill suit whose virgin whiteness was as yet unsullied by a single speck. It only lacked a row of chorus girls and an orchestra to strike up a matinee idol's opening song and they would have had the picture complete. Even to the limelight. You get all the limelight you want on the West Coast, from straight overhead, around about noon. It was shining down on his goldish hair—yes, it was tinted that way—as he looked about and took stock of the staff through his baby blue eyes for the first time.

There was Grease, the engineer—his other name was McVie—leaning up against the stump of a dead date palm, with one eye inclined to close. Rum never affected his legs nor his speech: only the left eye, which he closed when he wished to focus carefully.

Near him stood Vansittart, described on the company's stationery in New York as the resident manager, but he wasn't wearing his official nimbus just then. True, he walked about in pajamas all day and every day, but they were generally fairly clean.

Pills was pensively sucking a huge, juicy *kawa*, slapping mosquitoes on his neck between whiles. That was in Pills's fourth year: he had another twelve months or so to go, if he lived through it, to earn his pension. The others—Tomlinson and Quest—were up in their respective bungalows with a touch of fever. Farrant, whom Billy Cranston had come out to relieve, was, with one or two others, placed reverently near the edge of a low cliff, nothing but the sea between them and their native America.

There was just one twitch of Cranston's lip as the sight of it all sank in, and then he turned around to the most amazing sight of the lot. Half angel and half wax doll. That, at least, was the first impression she gave. Billy Cranston had brought a white woman with him to the West Coast!

He lifted her out of the surfboat, and, holding on to her arm protectingly, advanced upon Pills.

"What's happened?" Something was going on in his throat, visible just over the top of his immaculate white collar.

"Happened?" Pills didn't see his point of view clearly for a moment.

"It's all right, dear," Cranston said, turning to the doll-angel. "Something's gone wrong, I expect."

"You're Mr. Cranston? My name is Vansittart." There was a curious rasp in the resident manager's voice.

"Glad to meet you, sir," said Cranston, extending a hand. "This is my wife."

Vansittart went toward the woman with a puzzled frown.

"How do you do?" she managed, with a smile that was nine-tenths sheer grit. "Please put your helmet on. This heat is awful. How far is it to the settlement?"

"This *is* the settlement," said Vansittart, glancing at the tin-roofed power house and the four scattered bungalows half hidden in the palm trees.

"This the—the *settlement!*" A pause. "But I don't quite understand. Is this where—where we are to live?"

Vansittart had a deep growl of a voice that was never fashioned for a drawing room.

"*We?*" he rumbled, like distant thunder, turning to Cranston for confirmation. "But surely your wife is going on by this steamer?"

"When does the next boat call?" parried the new man.

"It comes once every ten weeks—about," Vansittart told him, bluntly. "You've made some mistake. It's impossible for a white woman to live here. For twenty reasons. The climate, the conditions, the—why," his glance went to the medical officer, "Pills, you explain, will you?"

"I'll try, Mrs. Cranston, but it isn't easy to make such a thing clear in a few moments. This isn't even a white man's country, let alone a place for a white woman. It's primitive—unbelievably primitive and raw. We stick it, but not because we like it. There isn't anything *to* like.

"The only thing that preserves our sanity—

first impression she gave. Billy Cranston had brought a white woman with him to the West Coast! He lifted her out of the surfboat.

and I mean this—is work. Then there's the heat. It's all right now if you can stand this sort of thing; but in another month or so, when it gets really hot—well, I can't describe it to you. One doesn't want to live through it, very much.

"We have to keep fever down most of the time with quinine. There are some diseases we can cope with, others we know little or nothing about. Worst of all, though, is something you can't understand, something you couldn't be expected to understand, and it isn't a tangible thing, either. We're here on sufferance, and Africa never allows us to forget that, day or night. She'll get us, every one of us, if we stay long enough. She's laughing up her sleeve all the time and waiting. She always waits—and always wins."

"You make it sound very horrible," said Lola Cranston slowly, "but my husband has to put in two years here to qualify for his job at the head office in New York. We were married three weeks before sailing. He didn't want me to come, but I persuaded him. I don't want to be anywhere where my husband is not." She said it quietly as though they should have accepted the statement unquestioningly.

"Lola, dear," Cranston put in, "we went into this question a good many times weeks ago. Then finally, against my own conviction, I agreed to bring you here. I haven't said much about it since then but I've been darned uneasy on the subject. I knew it was bad, I warned you over and over again that it was no place for a white woman, but frankly I had no idea it was as ghastly as this. Listen, Lola. These fellows have no reason for painting the thing blacker than it is. They know. I can't go back on my solemn promise, but won't you believe them?"

It wasn't defiance exactly with which the angel-doll looked at her six-foot husband. Excepting on this point they had never yet had two opinions that didn't coincide. If he'd told her to go to Hongkong then she would have gone, and he knew it.

"I do believe them, Billy. But I shall stay."

II.

"MY God! It's hell with the lid on!" Billy Cranston muttered this chiefly to himself as he staggered into the bungalow, pitched his helmet on the table, and collapsed into a chair. There was not much of the matinee idol about him now. The West Coast was taking her toll of Lola's husband more swiftly than from most. Partly that was his own fault. One must take work with slow, sure steps there, whereas he had taken it at a gallop.

Before he left New York there had been some sort of understanding that the length of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Is your skin older than you are?

THE saying "A woman is as old as she looks" should be daily borne in mind by every woman who desires to retain the charm of youth. The skin is the first part of the body to show the marks of age, and no woman can look younger than her skin.

With a little care, however, it is easy to keep it as young as you are, or even a little younger. And the method is so simple—just daily cleansing with Resinol Soap.

Incredible as this may seem, it is true, because *proper* cleansing is the basis of all skin health and beauty, and Resinol Soap is unsurpassed as a cleansing agent. This enviable position is due largely to its absolute purity but especially to the Resinol properties it contains.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

his stay in Africa might be determined to some extent by his capacity for learning. Some men picked up the necessary knowledge in less than two years. Billy had thrown himself into the work with zeal which had at first made the others speak scoffingly of a "new broom," but in which Vansittart presently read desperation.

Lola lay back quite still in her chair. Was it only seven months that she had endured this sort of thing? Why couldn't Billy come in without the same remark or its blood brother every time? It made the almost unendurable heat seem worse. For that reason she dreaded the sound of his lagging footsteps on the veranda.

THE buzz of a sandfly. She opened her eyes; watched the insect warily as it dallied about the room. More than once the torment of a sandfly's sting had kept her without sleep for two or three nights. Unless it had crawled through one of the numerous rents in the net, Billy must have let the creature in.

"That damned engine's broken down again." This and a weary sigh from Billy.

Lola's lids fluttered and for a second the knuckle of her right hand resting on the chair arm gleamed white. But she didn't speak. Perhaps her nerves were a bit groggy, especially after that last attack of malaria, but need Billy come back to that wretched hovel of theirs and shed all his woes upon her? She didn't know anything about engines; she didn't want to know anything about them. Engines were essentially affairs for men, and she had her own troubles.

Yes, God knew how she'd suffered as, one by one, her cherished illusions had been torn from her, here in this desolation. She had liked Billy first of all because he danced divinely. Then she discovered that his baby blue eyes, which had a fascination all their own, were not the measure of his character. He could be very firm and very strong. Lola loved strength in a man.

She had fallen in love with him by easy, comfortable stages, and the more she knew of him the more she seemed to think he had not a single fundamental fault. And it *was* love. Yes, there could be no doubt about that. To her he was a king among men. His ideals were hers. That they might spend their lives apart had seemed unthinkable.

But that was in New York, where his devotion to her was a thing of infinite beauty, a thousand leagues from Africa, this remorseless land of sand and flies and heat, which, like the mills of God, ground slowly but ground exceeding small, and went on grinding endlessly, tearing away the manhood, even reason itself, from men. Yes, that was all in New York, and this was——! A little shiver passed through her frame.

"Didn't I see Pills hanging around here today?" His voice was tinged with irritation.

"Hanging around?" Too much was conveyed in those words for her entire peace of mind.

"That's exactly what I said."

Lola bit her lip hard before replying.

"Doctor Spencer was here talking to me for some time this afternoon. Why?"

Billy sat up suddenly and stared across at her.

"Lola, you threatened you'd go back to New York by the last boat. I wanted you to: I never asked you to come to this filthy hole, anyway. But ten days ago when you said you were going it wasn't wifely obedience or anything of that sort. It was just a plain threat. What you intended to do—afterward—I don't know, but I think you meant to quit with me. I'd rather you had gone, even so, than stayed in this accursed spot that'll get you if you stay. Pills was right in what he told us when we first landed. It'll get us all in time if we don't go, you first of all because you're a woman. Listen, Lola." His voice was lower. He dreaded her answer—if she would answer. "Why didn't you go?"

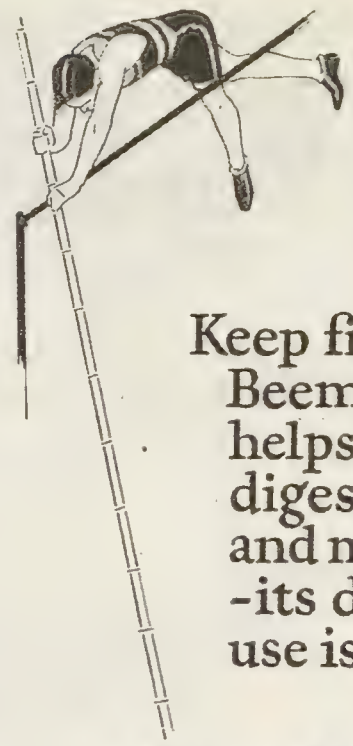
"I didn't go because——" her words trailed into silence. It wasn't easy for her to lie to Billy. And it wasn't easy—in fact, she couldn't tell him the truth. She didn't even clearly know the truth herself. She pictured Billy as she had once known him, then as what he had become. Primitive, raw, just like everything else in this forsaken place.

AT first he used to apologize after outbursts of savagery; then he didn't even seem to see that it was savagery. He was drinking, too, at times, like the others—even like the Scottish engineer who always sheered away from her as if he had the plague or as if she had it. Her head went back a shade. No, they weren't all alike.

There was Jim Spencer. Her knowledge of that began curiously, when her heart was breaking because of Billy and there was nothing—literally nothing—else for her to do but shelter from that intolerable heat and count the days until she could get back to civilization.

Jim was human with her—he was kind. He was playing a man's part in a man's world. He even made excuses for Billy; a hundred excuses, which made Jim loom bigger in her eyes. And then, three days before the steamer arrived, there came a night when Jim told her what it would mean for him after she had gone; told her that when she arrived there he had begun to drift like the others; told

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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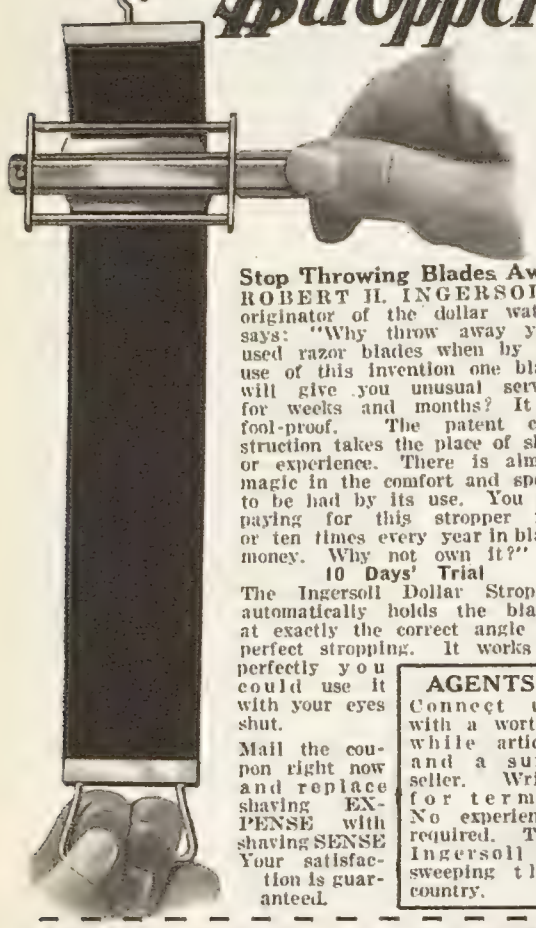

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"Put one on—the pain is gone"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

her that it was she and only she who had helped him to keep a grip upon himself. She appeared to be on the brink of some new, wonderful adventure, so that when the steamer called she let it sail away without her. There was always the next boat.

"*Why didn't you go?*" Billy's voice bit harshly into her thoughts.

"Because it seemed so dreadfully final," she told him.

III.

"A QUEER thing happened to me this morning," she heard presently. "Out there in that sunlit hell. I was standing still when suddenly everything went black. Just as if someone had switched the light out. It only lasted a few moments, and then I could see again as well as ever. That eternal glare, I expect."

"Billy!" There was a new note in the girl's voice. She was out of her chair now, coming toward him. "Billy, you're frightening me."

"Oh, it's nothing. Don't get het up about it."

"But you don't know, Billy. This—this might—might be the beginning of something dreadful." She was peering into his eyes, which were blue and clear as ever. Her own cheeks had gone oddly white.

"How do you mean dreadful?"

"It happened to Pills twice. Once yesterday and once today. Only, the second time it lasted longer. He wasn't bothered about it. Like you, he thought it might only be the effect of the glare, but he was telling me there is a—a form of blindness that attacks white men here on the West Coast and begins something like that. It's very rare, and they believe it is some form of malaria, caused by the bite of one particular kind of mosquito, that attacks the optic nerve after sun glare has weakened it."

Billy regarded her in silence for a space.

"Pish!" he declared languidly. "You'll be trying to convince me next that I'm going blind. You're getting hysterical, woman. Oh, gosh, what wouldn't I give to be in an ice chest for ten minutes!"

"Billy, all the same, just to please me, will you see Jim Spencer about it?"

He got to his feet and stood there swaying slightly for a moment.

"If you mention Jim Spencer's name to me again," he said thickly, "I'll—I'll smash something."

There came a heavy tread on the veranda. The netting was drawn aside and Vansittart entered.

"Have you any idea where Pills is, Cranston?" asked the resident manager.

Billy checked his first instinctive retort, taking a fresh grip on himself.

"Yes; he's gone up to one of the nigger sheds, I believe. Busy with a case of snake-bite."

"See if you can hunt him up, will you, there's a good fellow," urged Vansittart. "We've got to get that engine working again, and Grease declares something's gone wrong with his eyes. Sight seems to fade away occasionally."

The girl and her husband stood curiously motionless; Lola's limbs began to tremble.

"Something gone wrong with McVie's eyes?" came from Billy, dully.

"Oh, it's nothing. Nerves, I expect, or a touch of the sun," declared Vansittart impatiently.

"Mr. Vansittart," Lola's voice cut like a knife through the room, "if you had to—you absolutely *had* to—get the boat here earlier than when she's due, nine weeks from now, is there any way, any conceivable way of doing it?"

"Of getting the boat here earlier? Don't talk nonsense, Mrs. Cranston. You know there's no way of getting any message out of this place."

Lola stared at the resident manager, through him, and beyond, to a nameless terror; then, as it robbed her of all power, sank into a heap on the floor.

"I knew that fool woman would get the jerks if she stayed!" muttered Vansittart, turning on his heel. "Cranston was an ass to bring her here at all."

Presently Lola stirred. She looked up at her husband. He was standing in the same place, but now he was rubbing his eyes.

"Billy," his wife said tremulously, "what are you doing? What's wrong, dear?"

"The light's gone again, Lola. But it—it seems to have gone for good this time! I can't make it out."

FROM some hidden fount strength came back to her limbs. An instant later she was close to him, her arms about his neck.

"Billy, my dearest," came from her, chokingly, "I'm here, *here*, right with you. Look toward me, my sweet. Can't—can't you——"

His blue eyes were wide open but sightlessly vacant. For a second his lip twitched as it had twitched that first day when he found the desolation into which Lola had plunged with him. He shook his head slowly.

"Everything's gone," he told her. "At first I thought it would all come back as it did before, but it's—it's still dark. Just as dark as though I'd never had any eyes. Lola," he drew her to him gently, his cheek against hers, warm and comforting, "I'll be able to see you again in a minute or two, so it's all right. Nothing to worry about, really, is there?"

"No, nothing, Billy." This with grim determination to carry conviction.

He smoothed his cheek against hers.

"No, nothing, really, I suppose,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Teeth Like Pearls

By Edna Wallace Hopper

My teeth, as countless women know, glisten like a row of pearls.

Thousands of women ask what tooth paste I employ. How I gained my pretty teeth. How I kept them sound and healthy to my age.

I could not tell them until my methods had been simplified. Few would do what I did. But now you can do all that I do in an easy, simple way.

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Of course, I have always consulted high authorities on teeth. By their advice I used numerous applications. I used cleansers and polishers. Then I used an antiseptic mouth wash. Night and morning I used magnesia, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. I used iodine for the gums. And I used breath purifiers.

That meant much time and trouble, but it paid. My teeth are the envy of millions. Such white, sound teeth and healthy gums are rarities at my age.

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Trial Tube Free

Edna Wallace Hopper, Q15-L
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
Mail me a test of Quindent.

.....

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

he said. Then, after a pause: "Don't move away till—till it's all right again, dear. It kind of gives me assurance to be touching you. Lola, it's queer, but somehow you seem different. I can't see your eyes, but I know just exactly how they're looking. I can tell that by your voice, even by the feel of you. It's almost as if—as if there'd been a miracle and we'd slipped back months, years, an eternity, to the time when there wasn't such a place as the West Coast for us." He kissed her hair and stroked it absently with one hand. "You're a marvel, honey. Of course you know this blindness is only going to last a few moments, but some girls would have been scared, so far away from anywhere."

WITH a supreme effort Lola steadied her shaking hands, but her teeth were chattering. He mustn't know that. He mustn't suspect that at any cost. She buried her face in his coat.

"There's nothing to be afraid of, Billy."

"But some girls——" he began, then halted. "You see, there's Pills and the engineer, both begun to go the same way. And if"—he pushed her from him—"if this damned thing has gotten three of us—my God, Lola, think of it! Six white men only! It's not coming back, I tell you. It's *got* us. And if it gets the others! Oh!"

His voice rose to a scream. He lurched across the room, beating the air, stumbled over a chair and fell. For a space he lay very still; so still that the girl thought he had injured himself. She was horribly frightened now. Coherent thought had almost left her, but she crept to her man, lying helpless, and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Billy!" It was little more than a whisper. He stirred.

"Lola, listen." The words came jerkily. "I—I—think—I'm—going—mad. Go away from me. I want to be alone. The river's the place for me. That's the only thing left."

The girl's lips were moving. Up to the God whom she had forgotten there in Africa went a jumbled prayer for strength, for the power of reason.

"You mustn't talk that way, Billy," she faltered. "It'll be all right. Even if your sight doesn't come back just now, it will come. This can be cured. Pills told me so, definitely. There's a recognized treatment in the hospitals down the coast. After a few months the optic nerve always goes back to normal and——"

"After a few months!" He was quieter. His hands sought those of Lola; he clung to them like a child. "But if the others go the same way! And there's you! How do we know the same thing won't happen to you?"

"It's different with me, Billy," she said, soothingly. "I haven't been out in the sun so much as the others. There isn't the same danger of that in my case."

She led him to a chair in which he lay back, holding tightly to her hand.

Across the compound McVie was standing with a bottle of whisky in his hand, uneasily regarding the broken-down machinery. From time to time he rubbed oily knuckles into his eyes. They had been playing him tricks. So had the engine, he reflected. The whole outfit was driving him crazy. For a time, while his sight had gone, he was scared. Couldn't even find the whisky. But he'd got it now, and he could see again. He'd drunk a good four fingers since. It had put him right.

"WE'RE here on sufferance, and Africa never allows us to forget that. She'll get us, every one of us, if we stay long enough."

He turned out of the power house into the blazing sun. Engines had ceased to interest him for the moment. That other thing had gotten under his skin. He clutched the bottle. It would help in case—in case everything went black again. Meanwhile, he wanted to get away from the darned place. The farther the better. There'd be hell to pay when Vansittart found he hadn't fixed that engine, but who could fix an engine in the dark?

He stalked on, turning off the beaten track. They mustn't find him yet, until he'd gotten over that shock. It was daft to ask a man to repair a cylinder head when he couldn't see it half the——

McVie stopped, put his hand out before him gropingly. A wordless cry came from the back of his throat. One hand went to his forehead, then he screamed. There would be no going back now, unless this curtain of blackness lifted. And nobody could hear him. He had come a mile, perhaps two, off the beaten track. Panic seized him. He began to run. Africa, with patience as old as the hills, waited. He was facing the interior.

IV.

BILLY CRANSTON sat with his head a little on one side, listening.

"Lola!"

"Yes, Billy." She came toward him and stroked his forehead.

"What day is it, dear?"

"Tuesday."

"Do you believe the boat will come tomorrow, Lola?"

"It ought to, dear. Mr. Vansittart thinks it will, anyway."

Billy ran his fingers through his hair.

"It's been a long time. The thing is bound to come eventually, of course, but I'm haunted by the fear that it might be delayed. And I don't think I could stand much more of this."

"Be patient a little longer, Billy. You've been splendid."

Billy sat upright.

"But I wasn't thinking of myself, honey. It's *you*. You've—good Lord, Lola, sometimes when I sit and wonder what would have happened to us all if you hadn't been here it makes me shiver. We've been dependent on you, every one of us."

"You'd have worried through somehow," she told him.

Billy shook his head.

"Don't make any mistake, Lola. I've talked to the others, and a man doesn't lie about such things when he's gone blind while stuck in a plague spot such as this on the West Coast. I don't know about Vansittart. He's different from anyone I ever met. He's solid white, through and through. He swore for ten solid minutes when this first got him, but if you remember, that wasn't personal, as you might say. He was cussing because he realized the dern company would have a slump in dividends.

"But the others, well, they're just human. They admit they went all to pieces, the same as I did, when they first went blind. Quest told me frankly he hunted everywhere for his revolver so that he could put a bullet in his own brain. He was nearly off his head when you tackled him, dear. As for myself, I'll never believe you can really forgive me——"

"Stop, Billy. I can't bear you to say that, my sweet. *I understand*, my husband. There isn't anything to forgive. I have told you that

a hundred times, and it's true. There is some strain under which every man will break, and you tried to pack in too much work under the wrong conditions."

Again Billy's head slowly went from side to side.

"But I broke, Lola. And yet you haven't broken during all these weeks when you had us on your hands sightless, when you've had nobody at all but a colored houseboy to look after you. Listen to 'em now, Lola. There's Pills and Tomlinson singing at the top of their voices in their bungalow. Cheerful as a couple of kids at a party. That's your work, Lola. That's the sort of thing you've done to 'em all. They're contented. Maybe in between whiles they get their tails down a bit, but they hide it. Gosh, yes, they hide it, all right. One never hears a whine out of anybody."

HE started chuckling again. "They're scared to grumble when you're around, I believe, Lola. You sailed into Quest like a sergeant major a week ago when he started cussing his rotten luck. The humor of it set him off laughing, and he's been like a lamb with the fear of mint sauce in him ever since. And yet he'd love to kiss the very ground you trod on, like the rest of us. You're a living miracle, Lola. How you've managed it I don't understand. I believe even Vansittart got funky when you sprained your ankle—you, with the only pair of eyes doing business among the lot of us. How's the foot getting on now, dear?"

"Not well yet, but it's coming on all right."

"I wonder." He pressed his lips to hers. "Don't forget that I've got ears, even though I can't see. I believe you're keeping it from getting well by not resting it all this time."

"It doesn't hurt, truly, Billy," she assured him.

Billy's fingers were drumming on the edge of his chair. He was silent for a while.

"I lie awake sometimes," he said at last, in a low voice, "guessing just what was the end of McVie." Momentarily his jaws set. "It's—it's a thing one can't help wondering about

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The girl's lips were moving. Up to the God whom she had forgotten there in Africa went a jumbled prayer for strength.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

sometimes, knowing exactly how he must have felt."

"Billy," she said, severely, "do you want me to sail into you as I sailed into Mr. Quest a week ago?"

The man's expression relaxed. The grimness went out of it and the old patient smile came back. But his hold on Lola tightened. Gently but inexorably he drew her to him, held her close and yet closer.

"My sweet," he said in a voice that was not steady, "isn't life a wonderful thing?"

"Wonderful, Billy?" Her fingers were toying with his hair.

"You heard me the first time, darling little hypocrite. Now, if you were really in love with me——"

"Don't say that, Billy, even in jest."

"Gosh, what a lumbering elephant I am! And you know I'd rather kick myself from here to Oshkosh than say a single word to hurt you. Honey bird, if that wasn't love when we first married, what was it?"

"I think it was love, dear. Hot, young love. I won't let you say a word against those days, Billy."

His arms were tight and strong as steel chains about her.

"But it was nothing—a poor, groping fool to this, Lola! Why, blind though I am, and in just about as bad a fix as mortal man could get into on this earth, inside me I'm happier with you here and now than I ever was in those days."

"And the blindness isn't for long, Billy. Remember, Pills swears it will pass off when it's treated. Think of all our glorious tomorrows. Remember, too, Mr. Vansittart says that when you and I leave here you won't have to come back. He's going to fix your job at the head office."

"Yes, yes," he repeated, pensively. "Lola, there's something infectious about the spirit of that chap Vansittart. If there didn't happen to be a couple of men coming out by this steamer I almost believe he'd have wanted to stay behind, while the rest of us go down the coast into hospital, and try to keep the place going by himself. I wonder how those two new boobs will manage to——"

A deep voice boomed across the compound, at once a clarion call and a triumphant bellow: Vansittart trumpeting like a bull elephant.

"Billy! Billy, my darling! You hear? The boat has come at last. Dear God, do you hear that? And a day before its time!"

She tore herself away, stumbling across the floor, slashed the netting aside, and hurried across the compound. Her heart was pounding suffocatingly when she reached the resident manager's side.

"Is it true, Mr. Vansittart?" she begged chokingly. "You're sure—you're *sure?*"

Vansittart put his arms out until he touched her. Then he held her. There was a queer catch in his voice when next he spoke.

"Yes, you little saint from heaven. It's true."

"How soon will the surf boat be here?"

"It's here now, right under your eyes," said Vansittart. "And you'd see it if you weren't as blind as the rest of us. Oh, I've known it for weeks, ever since you bumped into me after taking to using a cane when you pretended you'd hurt your ankle. But you've been glorious, Mrs. Cranston."

She clutched at his arm.

"You—you didn't tell anyone, did you?"

"Me? *Tell* anyone? Why, it was just about the finest secret in the world, and the bare knowledge of it kept me steady when I could have gone crazy. Here's Billy coming. You'd best go and spill the beans."

THE END

Measuring Your Mind

Here Are the Answers and Grades for the Tests on Page 46

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS

Most of these sentences you will be able to correct yourself. We print here answers to the less obvious questions:

6. Seattle is in Washington.
7. A yard is not four times as long as a foot.
9. Boston is famous for beans.
10. A daguerreotype is a kind of picture.

GRADES FOR THIS TEST

7 to 10 correct answers	Excellent
5 to 7 correct answers	Good
4 to 5 correct answers	Average
2 to 4 correct answers	Below av.
0 to 2 correct answers	Poor

NAMING OPPOSITES

1. Black	9. Light
2. Pull	10. Stale
3. Slow	11. Weak
4. Bright	12. Over
5. Down	13. Triumph
6. Sober	14. Plain
7. Empty	15. Play
8. Wet	

GRADES FOR THIS TEST

12 to 15 correct answers	Excellent
8 to 12 correct answers	Good
4 to 8 correct answers	Average
2 to 4 correct answers	Below av.
0 to 2 correct answers	Poor

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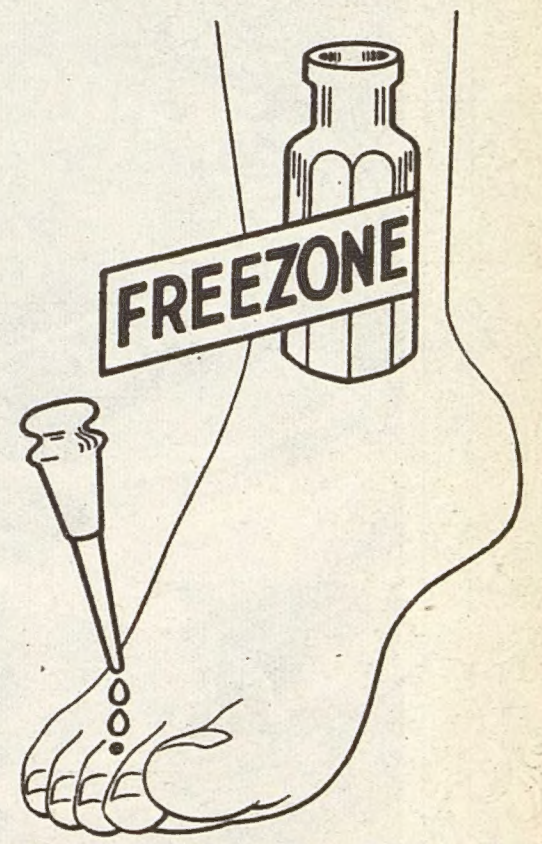

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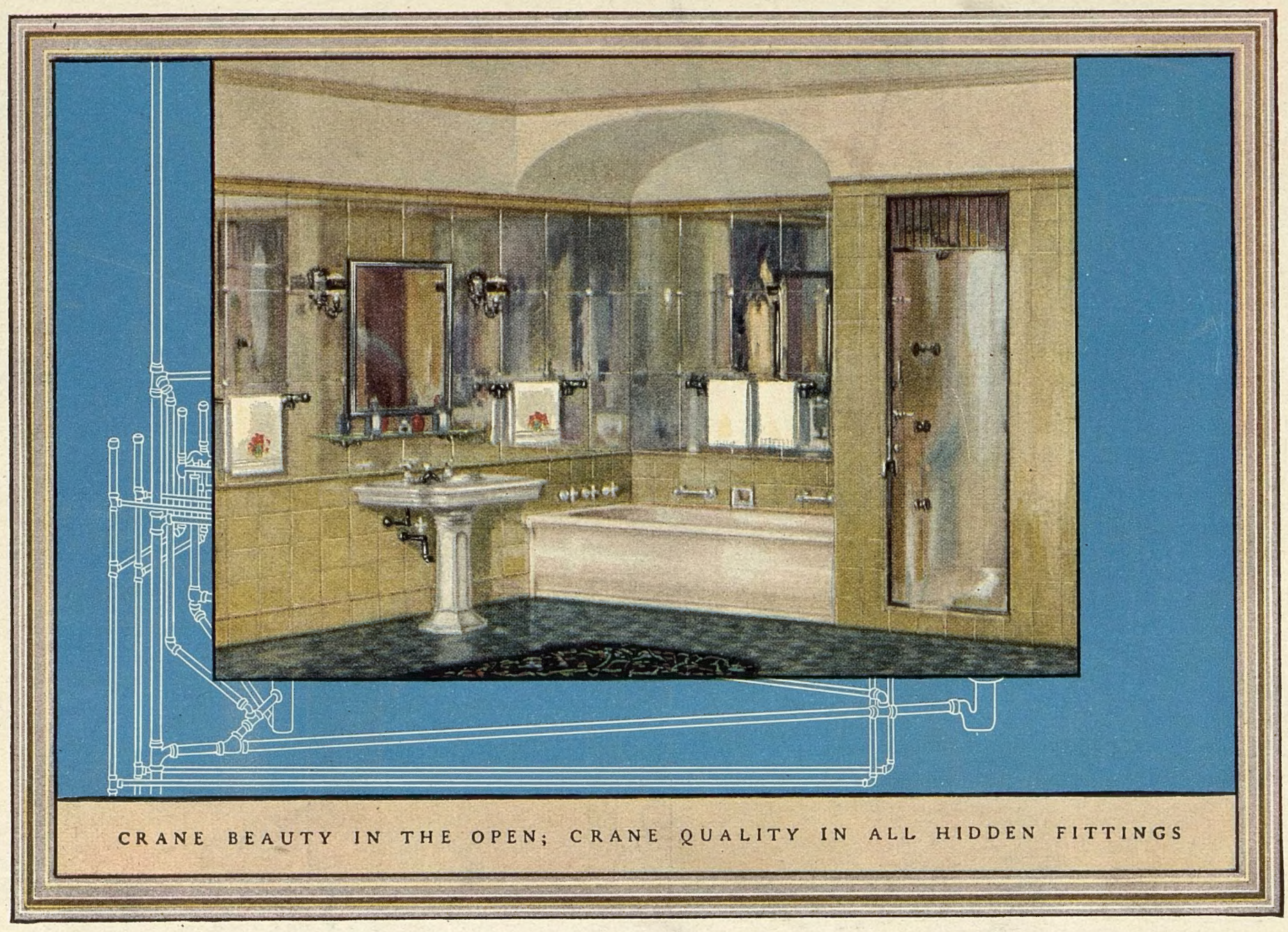

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